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The Invention of the Lucifer Match.

By the late James Clephan.

NATURE acquaints man with her great fact of fire, forcing it upon his gaze in storm and volcano; and what he sees in the lightning-flash, and in belching flame and molten lava, he has learnt to evoke for himself and subdue to his use.

Captain Cook, discovering the eastern coast of Australia in 1770, saw the smoke that rose up from the homes of the inhabitants, and witnessed with admiration how they gained possession of fire and diffused it in increasing volume:—"They produce it with great facility, and spread it in a wonderful manner. They take two pieces of dry soft wood: one is a stick about eight or nine inches long, the other piece is flat. The stick they shape into an obtuse point at one end; and, pressing it upon the other, turn it nimbly by holding it between both their hands as we do a chocolate mill, often shifting their hands up, and then moving them down upon it, to increase the pressure as much as possible. By this method they get fire in less than two minutes; and from the smallest spark they increase it with great speed and dexterity. We have often seen one of them run along the shore, to all appearance with nothing in his hand, who, stooping down for a moment, at the distance of every fifty or a hundred yards, left fire behind him, as we could see first by the smoke and then by the flame, among the drift-wood and other litter which was scattered along the place. We had the curiosity to examine one of these planters of fire when he set off, and we saw him wrap up a small spark in dry grass, which, when he had run a little way, having been fanned

by the air that his motion produced, began to blaze. He then laid it down in a place convenient for his purpose, enclosing a spark of it in another quantity of grass; and so continued his course."

From Australia let us now follow Captain Cook to "Oonalaska's shore," where we find the natives producing fire both "by collision and attrition: the former, by striking two stones one against another, on one of which a good deal of brimstone is first rubbed. The latter method is with two pieces of wood, one of which is a stick of about eighteen inches in length, and the other a flat piece. The pointed end of the stick they press upon the other, whirling it nimbly round as a drill, thus producing fire in a few minutes. This method is common in many parts of the world. It is practised by the Kamtshadales, by these people [the natives of Oonalaska], by the Greenlanders, by the Brazilians, by the Otaheitans, by the New Hollanders, and probably by many other nations."

Meanwhile, Cook's countrymen at home were using flint and steel, with match and tinder; as "the Fuegians have for centuries" done, "striking sparks with a flint from a piece of iron pyrites." (Tyler's "Researches into the Early History of Mankind.") But in these later days men have gone ahead of the old courses. The trees of the forests are sliced by machinery into thousands of shreds; and millions of matches, dipped in imprisoned fire, are ready, at a moment's notice, to escape at a touch into flame. Orators have been wont to glow and perorate about that encircling drum which all the earth round proclaims the presence of England and her empire. But

the crack of the lucifer is a still more universal sound, the sharp explosion dating from the decade of the present century in which the world's first passenger railroad entered upon its career.

How to procure fire at will is to be numbered among the many inventions of man through the ages. The heating and ignition of wood by friction was practised by the Romans. In the Reports by the Juries of the Exhibition of 1851, to which we now turn, Pliny's account of the process is quoted, "first discovered in camps, and by shepherds, when a fire was wanted and a fitting stone was not at hand; for they rubbed together wood upon wood, by which attrition sparks were engendered; and then collecting any dry matter of leaves or fungi, they easily took fire." "Virgil notices the 'hidden fire in the veins of flints,' as being one of the benefits anciently bestowed on man at the commencement of the reign of Jupiter; and pyrites are described by Pliny as being well known and esteemed for producing sparks."

Ancient is the process of fire-making. Long was the reign of stone and steel and tinder. "It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the discovery of phosphorus indicated a quicker or more certain means of procuring light or fire. In 1677, Dr. Hooke, in one of his Cutler Lectures, described the effects of phosphorus, as they had been recently exhibited in England to the Hon. Robert Boyle and several other Fellows of the Royal Society by Daniel Kraft, 'a famous German chemist.' Even after all the earliest experiments, however, the new matter appeared to be regarded only as a curiosity, which Boyle entitled the *Noctiluca*, and 'a factitious self-shining substance,' procured but in small quantities, and with great labour and time, the principal value of which was to supply a light in the night or in dark places, when exhibited in glass vessels. It can scarcely be doubted but that some trial was made as to whether an ordinary match could be inflamed by the substance; but Boyle's recorded experiments refer only to the strength, the diffusion, and the continuance of the light."

The Jurors' Reports proceed to glance at the history of chemical matches, scarcely any other method of producing fire being employed] before 1820 "than that of the well-known trio," flint and steel and tinder, "with which the ordinary sulphur match was inseparably associated."

It was soon afterwards that "Doebereiner made the remarkable discovery that finely-divided platinum (*spongy platinum*) is capable of inflaming a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air; and he founded on this property of platinum the invention of the Instantaneous Light Apparatus, first known by the name of Doeberneiner's Hydrogen Lamp." Another method of producing ignition, proposed about the same period, but never generally adopted, "depends upon the property which certain compounds of phosphorus

and sulphur possess of inflaming when slightly rubbed, in contact with the atmosphere." "The first important and permanent improvement in the means of obtaining light consisted in covering the sulphurized end of a match with a mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash; which, being deflagrated by immersion into concentrated sulphuric acid, communicated the inflammation to the underlying coating of sulphur." "These matches were in all probability invented in France, whence at least they were certainly first introduced into England; but prior to their introduction Captain Manby had been accustomed to employ a similar mixture for firing a small piece of ordnance for the purpose of conveying a rope to a stranded vessel; and, indeed, the composition was also described by Parkes, in his 'Chemical Catechism,' amongst the experiments illustrative of combustion and detonation at the close of the volume."

"Exactly the same principle was involved in the preparation of the matches invented by Mr. Jones, of the Strand, and used for some time in England under the name of Prometheans." These matches were compressed "with a pair of pliers, sold for the purpose, or between two hard substances (between the teeth, for example)," and thus ignited, "forming, as it were, the stepping-stone to the production of the friction match."

Thus do we approach the period of the friction lucifer; and now the Exhibition volume of 1852 (to which we have been so greatly indebted) has this paragraph:—"The first true friction matches, or congreves, made their appearance about the year 1832. They had a coating of a mixture of two parts of sulphide of antimony and one part of chlorate of potash, made into a paste with gum water, over their sulphurized ends, and were ignited by drawing them rapidly between the two surfaces of a piece of folded sand-paper, which was compressed by the finger and thumb."

There is here, by inadvertence, a missing link, which was supplied in the month of August, 1852, by the Editor of the *Gateshead Observer*, who wrote a short article on "The Origin of the Friction Lucifer." "The Jurors' Reports, just printed, treat," said he, "of everything, great and small, that found a place in the Exhibition of Industry, from the Kohinoor or Mountain of Light to a Lucifer Match. On the latter luminous subject the reporters are in the dark, and, in another column, we have briefly enlightened them. We may here, at some greater length, present a short report supplementary to those of the jurors, that the origin of the friction match may be placed on record, before the evidences pass beyond the reach of the world, and are irrecoverably lost. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. John Walker, of Stockton-upon-Tees, then carrying on the business of a chemist and druggist in that town, was preparing some lighting mixture for his own use. By the accidental friction on the hearth of a match

dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The hint was not thrown away. Mr. Walker commenced the sale of friction matches. This was in April, 1827. 'Young England,' who has come into being since that day, now buys a pocketful of lucifers for a penny. Mr. Walker, for a box of fifty, with a piece of doubled sand-paper for friction, got a shilling! 'Prometheans' and other competitors beat him down to sixpence. And then, unwilling to be beaten down still further, he renounced the sale, Old Harrison Burn, an inmate of the Stockton almshouse, was Mr. Walker's match-maker; and John Ellis, bookbinder, made the paper-boxes at three halfpence each. Mr. John Hixon, solicitor, was Mr. Walker's first customer. Production has been cheapened in all directions, but few commodities have 'fallen like lucifers.' Paper-boxes, gorged with matches, are now sold wholesale at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. per gross; and wood-turned boxes, containing double the number of matches, at half-a-crown! And yet the makers do not burn their fingers."

The first rail of the world's first passenger railroad had been laid at Stockton in the spring of 1822; and there, in the spring of 1827, the first friction match burst into flame; the rail and the match alike going ahead, and circumflaming the globe. Thomas Wilson, author of "The Pitman's Pay," in the course of an address, partly autobiographical, written for a social gathering held in the Public Rooms, Gateshead Low Fell, March 15, 1854, referred to the extraordinary improvements and discoveries that had taken place in the land during the previous thirty years, and remarked:—"How much all these have contributed to the comforts and conveniences of society, I need not point out: you are all able to see their value. I need not point out to you the plague and trouble that are spared by the lucifer match, particularly to those of you who have frequently required a light during the night for the infant. Instead of knapping for half-an-hour with flint and steel upon half-burnt tinder, as we of the olden time had often to do, you have a light instantly, without scarcely rising from your pillow. Don Quixote's friend, Sancho, blessed the man who invented sleep; but if you knew the trouble attending flint and steel operations, you would doubly bless the man who produced the lucifer match."

"That man," repeated the *Observer* (in a foot-note to the address), "was Mr. John Walker, of Stockton." And having set forth anew the incidents of 1827, the Editor added:—"The Jurors' Reports (Exhibition of 1851) refer the appearance of the *friction* matches to the year 1832. On the publication of these reports, we drew the attention of Dr. Warren De La Rue, one of the authors, to the facts now stated, and he courteously expressed his regret that he was not earlier acquainted with them."

It may be as well to add, while we are on the subject,

that Mr. Walker's friction lucifers adhered to the old form of the flat brimstone-match, with two pointed ends.

The question of the origin of the friction lucifer has frequently since been brought under public notice. The paper of Dr. Foss, on "The Tinder Box, and its Practical Successor," which appeared in 1876 in the *Archæologia Eliana* (vii., 217, N.S.), should be read by every one who takes an interest in the subject. Not longer ago than the month of August, 1880, an answer of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* to an inquiry from one of its correspondents gave rise to a letter from Mr. William Hardcastle, of "the Medical Hall," Stockton, who, being in possession of Mr. John Walker's books, did the good service of committing to print the evidence which they had to give on this subject. We thus learn that the first entry bears date April 7, 1827, when Box No. 30 was put down to Mr. Hixon. At that time, therefore, 30 boxes had been sold before the close of the first week in the month of April. The box sold to Mr. Hixon is described as containing 84 "sulphurated hyperoxygenated" matches; and the price was a shilling. On the 26th of July, No. 36 occurs as entered to Mrs. Faber, Rectory, Longnewton, who had the like number of "oxygenated matches" at the same price. Afterwards come two boxes sold to Mrs. Maude, of Selaby Park; and then Colonel Maddison, Norton, has nineteen boxes for distribution among his friends. Slow was the sale at the outset, but "during 1828 it increased rapidly," and the inventor, who took out no patent, "lived to see the introduction of cheap matches," the result of his discovery, in all directions.

Very interesting it is to have the early sale of the friction lucifer thus traced out for us, in its birthplace, in the valuable communication of Mr. Hardcastle. Mr. Walker, who had been brought up to the medical profession under Mr. Watson Alcock, an eminent surgeon in Stockton, but never entered into practice, was studious and well-read. His information was large and extensive, and his conversation instructive. He was one of the order of men known as "walking encyclopedias," while modestly avoiding all pretence of superior knowledge. Establishing himself in business as a chemist and druggist, he was ever inquiring and experimental; and it was while making a detonating or deflagrating mixture, and dashing off against the hearth-stone some portion of it, taken from a crucible for examination, that his first match may be said to have seen the light. Many an elderly ear was startled, from time to time, on "The Flags" of the High Street, by the explosion of John Walker's "pea-crackers," the delight of Young Stockton.

In the time of the tinder box, every match, with its two brimstone tips, discharged a double debt, first one end being used and afterwards the other. When sparks were struck from flint and steel, and the tinder was

aglow, the pointed brimstone match was applied, and a light obtained, often the result of a long and tedious experiment, the time dependent on the operator and his implements; for some were more skilful than others, and had also better tinder. But with Mr. Walker's lucifer, swiftly drawn under pressure of thumb and finger, from the doubled sand-paper supplied in the box, there was instantaneous flame. Times change. Flint and steel and tinder box, so familiar in the homes of our fathers, were all exploded by the crack of the friction lucifer! And that crack was first heard in the spring of 1827. And John Walker now takes his place in "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" as the inventor.

The Exhibition Jurors say:—"The reporters have not succeeded in learning with certainty by whom the substitution of phosphorus for the sulphide of antimony was first suggested. The mixture of the sulphide with chlorate of potash required so much pressure to produce the ignition that it was frequently pulled off from the match; and this substitution was therefore an important improvement. The phosphorus matches or lucifers appear indeed to have been introduced contemporaneously in different countries about the year 1834." And now, in an age which never seen the tinder box, what volumes of these matches may be bought at shops round the corner for a groat! The friction match, indeed, is sold to you—not only over the counter—but by boys in the streets at home and abroad. It has come into common use indeed in the isles of the South Pacific. The crack of the lucifer is heard among the inhabitants of the Tonga islands. "I had some difficulty," says Mr. Moseley in his interesting "Notes of a Naturalist on the Challenger" (1879), "in persuading one of the natives to get fire for me by friction of wood. Matches are now so common in Tonga that they do not care to undergo the labour necessary for getting fire in the old method, except when driven by necessity. No doubt the younger generation will lose the knack of getting fire by friction altogether." The instantaneous light struck on John Walker's hearth in 1827 has relieved all Oceania from the laborious process of kindling fire in the fashion of centuries. The world, and the isles thereof, are becoming one. "Hearing the sound of music in the native district of the town of Banda," the metropolis of nutmegs, Mr. Moseley "made his way, one evening, towards a house from which it came, in the hopes of seeing a Malay dance. Instead of this, he found Malays indeed dancing, but, to his disappointment, they were dancing the European waltz!" The waltz whirls and the lucifer explodes the whole world round.

Our record will be read with curious interest by elderly inhabitants of Newcastle whose memories carry them back to the twofold cry at the Old Market—"Good shoe-blacking, halfpenny a ball! Tar-barrel matches, halfpenny a bunch!"—brimstone matches, made out of tar-barrel staves that had served their original purpose,

being popular companions of the tinder box in the days that are no more.

Charles Cowden Clarke's Visits to Newcastle.

NE of the most interesting visitors to Newcastle was Charles Cowden Clarke, the friend of Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and others who adorned the early years of the century. One of Keats's poetical epistles is addressed to Mr. Clarke, and sets forth in glowing numbers the relationship of the companions and friends:—

You first taught me all the sweets of song,
The grand, the sweet, the terse, the fine;
What swelled with pathos, and what right divine;
Spenserian vowels that slope with ease,
And float along like birds o'er summer seas.

. Ah, had I never seen
Or known your kindness, what might I have been?

Mr. Clarke is well known as the editor of the "Riches of Chaucer," and (in concert with his wife) as the compiler of the Shakspeare Concordance, as well as the author of many volumes. But it was as a lecturer that Mr. Clarke's name is specially connected with Newcastle. In his *repertoire* there were four lectures on the Genius and Comedies of Moliere; four on the Great European Novelists; sixteen on the Comic Writers of England; four on Shakspeare's Jesters and Philosophers; twenty-four on Shakspeare's Characters; three on the Poetry of Prose Writers; one on Ancient Ballads; and fourteen on British Poets. Many of these lectures, as we shall mention, were delivered in the Lecture Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle.

Mrs. Clarke (Mary Cowden Clarke) accompanied her husband on his first visit in 1843. The accomplished couple had the advantage of a letter of introduction from Sir John Trevelyan to Mr. John Adamson, president of the Literary and Philosophical Society, who was most courteous and hospitable to them. He invited the visitors to his house, showing them his fine collection of shells, beautifully and tastefully arranged, introducing them to his choice library, and presenting them with his two volumes of Portuguese translations, respectively entitled, "Lusitania Illustrata: Selection of Sonnets," and "Lusitania Illustrata: Minstrelsy." Mr. Adamson also gave them a collection of Sonnets by himself, and wrote a touching letter therewith, describing the disastrous fire in which the whole of the books in his library were consumed to ashes.

Another very interesting acquaintance made in Newcastle was Mr. Charnley, the well-known bookseller, who

also entertained the visitors hospitably. Mr. Charnley mentioned that he had been engaged to teach Latin to the lovely boy whom Sir Thomas Lawrence painted lolling on a bank with one arm thrown under his handsome curly head—a well-known picture exhibited as "A Portrait of Young Lambton," son of Lord Durham. "The lad was delicate," writes Mrs. Clarke, "and I remember Mr. Charnley telling us that he often used to think, while he was giving Latin lessons, 'Ah, my dear little fellow, you would be much better out in the open air on your pony than shut up in this study.' And I believe the young life did not last long."

With Mr. Charnley was his sister, Mrs. Jackson, who joined with her brother in making the evening even more agreeable. Mrs. Clarke informs us that Mrs. Jackson sang (to a quaint old crooning tune) an antiquated ballad of as many as twenty-two stanzas, wherein figured a certain "Lord Thomas," enamoured of a certain "fair Elleanor," but doomed by his mother to wed a certain "brown girl," recounting the tragical end of all three; the "brown girl" possessing "a little penknife both sharp and keen," wherewith, "between the long rib and the short, she stickit fair Elleanor in," and Lord Thomas having a sword by his side, "wherewith he clickit the brown girl's head from her body," and then "put the point into his breast and the hilt into the ground," calling upon his mother for "a grave, long, wide, and deep," wherein he desires that "fair Elleanor" shall be laid by his side and the "brown girl" at his feet. "This old-world hearing was wound up," says Mrs. Clarke, "by a charmingly old-world sight—an antique brocade dress of primrose silk, embossed with bunches of flowers in their natural colours—a dress that had been the wedding dress of the host's mother; a dress that might have been, for its delicate beauty, a companion to Clarissa Harlowe's celebrated one, described so admirably by Lovelace, when Clarissa meets him outside the garden gate:—'Her gown was a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy; the cuffs and robings curiously embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming Arachne, in a running pattern of violets and their leaves; the light in the flowers silver; gold in the leaves.'

Newcastle audiences always particularly delighted Mr. Clarke—"they were so staid, so quiet, so absorbedly attentive, yet so earnestly enthusiastic." Many treated him almost like a personal friend, and listened to him with evidently pleased ears and looks. Mrs. Clarke chanced to be near to two young ladies on one occasion as they were quitting the lecture-room, and she heard one of them say to the other: "Doesn't he give the exact tone and manner of each character?" and the reply was: "Yes, dear; he was brought up an actor." Just as if she had known his career from boyhood. How startled she would have been had Mrs. Clarke told

her the truth, and said, "Oh no; he was brought up an usher in his father's school."

Mr. Clarke lectured six different seasons at Newcastle: in 1843 he gave his eight first lectures on Shakespeare; in 1844, his lectures on Ballads, on Chaucer, on Milton, on Spenser, and on the Poets of the Guelphic Era; in 1846, his eight later lectures on Shakespeare; in 1848, his four lectures on the Comic Writers of England; in March, 1855, his lecture on Thomas Hood; and, in October and November of the same year, four lectures on the European Novelists.

One of the great treats Mr. and Mrs. Clarke enjoyed was the organ playing in the Church of St. Nicholas. "Mr. Ions," Mrs. Clarke writes, "was then the organist, and one day he enchanted us by giving Mendelssohn's tender strain, 'See what love hath the Father,' in true musical style." Their rambles in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, especially along the rural path through Jesmond Dene into the open country, were enjoyed by the visitors. Mrs. Clarke again writes:—"Yes, for its sake and his, the thought of Newcastle-on-Tyne will ever be dear to me."

The strong impression Newcastle produced on Mrs. Clarke's mind is evidenced by her laying the opening scene of her admirable novel, "The Iron Cousin," in its streets and neighbourhood. We select the following striking descriptions:—

The wind moaned by in piercing, sudden gusts from the river, forming little sharp eddies in the thoroughfare that led up from the bridge. A fierce current of air drew round the thinly-clad woman and her burden, as she stood shivering and defenceless in the open way—one of those steep, hilly streets that abound in the good old town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Heavy-laden carts staggered up the ascent, the horses straining and tugging and labouring with stretched harness and quivering shafts, as they tacked sideways along, their iron-shod hoofs slipping and striking sparks from beneath their shaggy fetlocks each time they vainly strove to plant a firm step; great wains tottered top heavy, swaying to an' fro, as they made their perilous descent, creaking and groaning, marking the safely-impending reluctance of the dropped drag; foot-passengers bent forward, breasting the cold wind and the toil of the up-hill progress, ever and anon stopping to wisk round and avoid the clouds of dust that whirled in their faces, peppering their clothes, dredging against cheeks and foreheads, and sifting into their eyes. The heavy sails of the colliers and other craft lying moored in the river flapped with unwieldy abruptness, while the little pennons that floated from the mast heads, seemed giddy with careless, rapid motion. Straws were whirled into open entries, and shop-doors banged to with startling suddenness. There was a black, sullen look in the air, partly the effect of the keen, savage-cutting wind, partly the effect of the dense coal-smoke atmosphere, perpetually hovering in a murky cloud, indispensable even by such a blast as then blew straight from the north-east. All was chill and gloomy; even the grocers' and confectionery shops, with which the place abounds—tea and sugar plums seem to form the chief nutriment of miners, to judge by the large japan canisters, and the piles of coloured chalk and sugar, by courtesy called sweetmeats, that lie wedged and heaped in almost every other shop window in Newcastle—could not enliven the general dreariness of the aspect of the spot on that harsh, cheerless day.

The nurse led on for a little way from the spot

where they had stood, and then turned into a narrow passage, that opened from the street in which they were. It ascended by steps, and wound up through the houses on either side, a sort of out-of-door stair-case. Almost every step was thickly occupied with boots and shoes, of all dimensions, ranged side by side, evidently for sale; for the houses which flanked the steps had low-browed, dingy shops, in the windows of which heaps more of the same articles were just discernable through the dusty, darkened atmosphere. These boots and shoes presented every diversity of cobbled, patched, and pieced decrepitude, every varied make of hob-nailed, iron-heeled, list, leather, and wooden; there was the child's ankle-strapped shoe, the boy's tongued and thick-soled school-boot, with its lace of leather, and its leathern binding; the youth's clouted brogue; the ploughman's stout high low; the townsman's "new footed calf Wellington," women's clogs and pattens, and wooden shoes innumerable, such as are rife in French fishing towns, clumsy, rough hewn things—some entirely of wood, some with upper-leathers nearly as inflexible as wood, and fastenings of rude metal clasps. These wooden shoes were of all sizes; from such as seemed fit only for the stunted dimensions of a Chinese lady's foot, but were in reality intended for the soft, small, plump foot of babyhood, up to the full-grown waggoner's or miner's wear, looking like moderate-sized hip or slipper baths. Making his way through all this myriad cordwainery, though little heeding its precise nature, the Squire, as he followed the nurse on her upward way, was yet conscious of the suffocating atmosphere generated by all these agglomerated boots and shoes, and he felt the close-pent, over-hanging aspect of the place, in oppressive keeping with the effect upon his senses. As he instinctively looked up towards the sky, for a glimpse of space, and a breath of fresh air, he saw the massive stone walls of the castle, or jail, frowning and beetling above the summit of the steep winding chare; and it seemed only a crowning circumstance in the images of confined, breathless, hopeless imprisonment, that surrounded him on all sides.

On reaching the neighbourhood of the great Coal City, he had been induced, by its name, to try first the Ouse Burn, knowing his sister's predilection for rural quiet, and fancying the title of this suburb indicated the kind of spot she would probably choose for her lodging. But he had hardly entered its precincts before he felt that the promise of its name was utterly misleading. This was the only remnant of whatever former beauty the place might have possessed.

The sole trace now existing of the burn or brook which had originally streamed through it was a dirty mud ditch, foul and noisome, trickling its sluggish ooze between rows of straggling, low houses or huts. The way was strewn with refuse of all sorts; iron hoops, tub-staves, broken palings, cinders, old shoes with gaping sides, the upper leathers wrenched apart, and the soles curled up; a bit of a thin and ragged petticoat; a rusty pot lid, bent nearly double; a few yards further on, the saucepan itself, full of holes, and a piece of a cracked yellow delf-plate, with a crinkly edge. Quitting this region of squalor, he had proceeded as far, in the same direction, as the pretty, secluded, green dell of Jesmond Dean. Here he had succeeded in gaining something like an indication of the object of his pursuit. He found that a young lady calling herself Mrs. Irton, dressed in widows' weeds, and accompanied by a middle-aged woman, had tenanted a couple of apartments in one of the neat cottages skirting the embowered cleft. . . .

After this, the Squire wandered on, day after day, now on the Great North Road, now on the Western Road, now on the old London Road, inquiring at all cottages, and asking at all the poorest houses, that seemed in any way likely to have accommodated lodgers. Frequently he heard the bell of the old church of St. Nicholas chime a late evening hour, as he returned, toil-worn of body, and far more weary of spirit, to his sleeping quarters at an inn in the town.

Mrs. Clarke lives in Villa Novello, Genoa, where the latter part of her married life was spent. Since Mr. Clarke's death she has published some small volumes of remarkable sonnets, commemorating her continued remembrance of her husband—evidencing that the "married lovers," as they were called, though separated in body, are spiritually present unto each other.

LAUNCELOT CROSS.

Mitford Church.



DELIGHTFUL walk from Morpeth along a road which, nearly the whole way, follows the course of the Wansbeck, and leads past open glades and wooded slopes, brings the traveller to the secluded village of Mitford. First, he reaches a group of cottages and an inn, and presently he turns into a shaded lane on the left, which soon brings him in sight of the castle and the church. The two structures are almost inseparably associated with each other. But how different their fates! The one is an abandoned and neglected ruin. The other has been "restored," and is now evidently preserved with every care. The castle is no longer needed, but the crumbling ruin reminds us of the time when churches and villages sought the shelter of a great baron's stronghold, and when he, too, considered it a bounden duty to provide not only for the safety of his own family, but for that of his humbler dependents, whose cottages were clustered beneath the shadow of his walls.

Castle and church at Mitford seem to have been of nearly contemporary foundation. The old work of the nave must be ascribed to the first half of the twelfth century. That it was founded by one of the Bertrams, ancient lords of Mitford, is certain. The builder of the church was doubtless also the builder of the castle. He may have been the William Bertram, who married a daughter of Sir William Merlay, of Morpeth, and whose father is said to have acquired Mitford by marrying Sybil, the only daughter of one John, lord of Mitford, a personage who probably never existed except in pedigrees, and who is said to have held Mitford in the time of Edward the Confessor.

The church built by this ancient Bertram, whether Richard or William, was from the first a noble structure, worthy of the baronial dignity of its founder. It was never a large church, but its grandeur in no way depended on its size. Its nave had north and south aisles, with arcades of round arches, which rested upon cushioned capitals and massive round pillars. It thus possessed the most impressive features of a Norman church. Of the church

built at that time considerable remains still exist. The greatest part of the north wall of the chancel, with its row of five curious corbels on the outside, is of the period to which I refer, as is also the priest's door, with its rude zig-zag mouldings, in the south wall. The three eastern arches of the south arcade, with the pillars on which they rest, are of the same date, but here the hand of the restorer is very evident. Of the ancient north arcade, only one bay remains. This opens into a north transept, now used as a vestry. Outside the nave, the wall over the south aisle is decorated with a string course, which bears a zig-zag moulding in low relief. One or two of the stones of this string course, at its east end, are original.

The church built by Bertram, which consisted of chancel and nave, the latter with aisles, retained its original splendour less than a hundred years. In the year 1215, the lord of Mitford, Roger Bertram, was in rebellion, among other Northern barons, against King John; and the incensed monarch, during his march through Northumberland, on the 28th December, in the year just named, burnt the towns of Morpeth and Mitford to the ground. Probably the castle of Mitford suffered at the same time, but not so seriously as to prevent its being speedily repaired, for, eighteen months later, its garrison successfully resisted a siege laid to it for seven days by Alexander, King of Scotland. The church seems to have fared far worse. Many of the stones in the north wall of the chancel, as well as others which have been used up in the rebuilding of later parts, have been reddened by the action of fire.

One or two decades passed away before any effort was made to repair the ruined edifice, and when at last the work was undertaken there was no attempt to restore it to its former grandeur. The walls of both aisles appear to have been taken down. The nave was reduced in length. The arches on the south side were filled with masonry. Those on the north side, except the eastern one, were taken down. The east wall of the chancel was entirely rebuilt, as was also the south one, except the priest's door. The new work of the chancel is of very pleasing character. The east window of three lights, with banded shafts between them, the sedilia, and the row of lancet windows in the south wall, are all alike excellent, though plain, both in design and execution.

Before the church underwent any further structural alteration one or two important events occurred in its history. About the year 1250 the third Roger Bertram founded a chantry, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, in Mitford Church. Its chaplain was required to pray for the souls of Roger's ancestors and successors, and for the soul of Adam de Northampton, then rector of Mitford. The endowment consisted of land bounded by Stanton on one side and by the river Pont on the other. In the certificate of chantries in the county of Northumberland, drawn up in 1548, it is reported that there was no incum-

bent of the chantry in Mitford Church, and that the yearly income of its lands, which amounted to 17 shillings, was spent by the churchwardens on the repair of the church. This same Roger Bertram was a zealous adherent of Simon de Montfort. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Northampton in 1264, and, to raise the sum needed for his ransom, such of his estates as had not already been absorbed by the expenses of the rebellion were either sold or deeply mortgaged. To Adam of Gesemuth (Jesmond) Bertram granted one messuage and one acre of land in Mitford, with the advowson of the church in that place.

From Adam de Gesemuth or his heirs the advowson passed to the crown, and, in 1317, it was granted by Edward I., with the appropriation of it as well, to the priory of Lanercost. The document by which this grant was made sets forth that, "the priory of Lanercost, in the diocese of Carlisle, situated near the confines of our land of Scotland, in consequence of the burning of the houses and the plundering of the said priory, inhumanly perpetrated by certain Scots our enemies and rebels hostilily invading the limits of our kingdom a while ago, remains for the most part impoverished and wasted." For this reason the grants just referred to were made. Four years later the Archbishop of York ordained that the vicar of Mitford should be paid by the prior of Lanercost, as a salary, 25 marks a year; that is, £16 13s. 4d. In addition to this he was to have that house in the town of Mitford which was built on the east side of the church for his residence, and 12 acres of land in Aldworth and all the meadow land in Harestane which was in the parish of his church, together with the churchyard.

From these documentary evidences we must turn once more to the edifice itself to learn its history. When the next important change in its structure was effected, the Bertrams were no longer lords of Mitford. The manor had passed through the hands of the Valences, the Strathbolgies, and the Percies, and was now in the hands of the Mitfords, a family who claimed descent from a brother of that lord of Mitford whose daughter is supposed to have married the sire of the Bertrams. It was by some member of the Mitford family that the transepts were built; probably near the end of the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century. Over the window of the south transept, on the outside, he placed the arms of his family, which a herald would describe as *a fesse between three moles*.

In 1501 it was reported that the greater part of the roof of the nave had fallen into ruin, and the parishioners were enjoined to repair it, under a penalty of 10s. In 1548, there were of "howseling people" in the parish, that is, persons who partook of the sacrament of the eucharist with greater or less regularity, 380. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, writing in 1832, says the nave "is in bad repair." Sixteen years ago (1874) the whole church was "restored," at the sole

cost of Colonel John Philip Osbaldeston Mitford. The most important work then effected was the rebuilding of the chancel arch, the opening out of the south arcade, the erection of a new south aisle, the prolongation of the nave westward, and the construction of a tower and spire.

J. R. BOTLE, F.S.A.

St. Oswald's Church, Durham.



T. OSWALD'S is the parish church of the ancient borough of Elvet, the most interesting, perhaps, of the suburbs of Durham. The town and its church are first mentioned in what are now known as the forged charters of Bishop William de St. Carileph. Therein it is set forth that in the year 1082 he granted to the prior and monks of

Durham the vill of Elvet, with forty houses of merchants there, as well as the church in that place. These charters are held, on very good evidence, to have been forged during the first quarter of the twelfth century, and may therefore be accepted as proof that at that period Elvet and its church had been, for a considerable time, in the possession of the monks of Durham. The next mention of St. Oswald's Church occurs in a charter of Henry II., which must be dated between 1154 and 1167, wherein he confirms to God and St. Cuthbert and to the prior and monks serving God in the church of Durham, "Elvet, with the church of the same town." Hugh Pudsey, the great building bishop, was elected to the see of Durham in 1154, and held it for the long period of forty-four years. Galfrid of Coldingham tells us that he made both the bridge and the borough of Elvet. Pudsey's bridge still remains, though it has been widened in recent times; and St. Oswald's Church possesses architectural features which belong to his day, although their construction cannot possibly be ascribed to him.



Amongst the objects of interest preserved in the church, the chief place must be given to the fine old oak stall-work in the chancel. The carving is of a bold and very effective character. It may be ascribed to the first half of the fifteenth century. In the north aisle there is an old oak vestment chest. It is seven feet long, is strongly banded with iron, and is secured by two locks. Over the south door is a beautiful niche which the restorer has fortunately left untouched.

The tower is in many respects the most remarkable part of the church. The way in which the first floor is reached is very unusual. Instead of a newell staircase or a ladder, we have a stone stairway which ascends in the thickness of the walls. Commencing at the south-east corner, it goes up to the south-west corner, and from here to the north-west corner, where it reaches the floor above the vault. The cover of the stairway is entirely formed of mediæval gravestones. The builders in ancient times were just as regardless of ancient monuments as we are at the present time. Not fewer than twenty-four grave-covers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were used in the construction of this staircase. On many of them the symbols which indicate the sex, condition, or occupation of the persons whose graves they originally covered may be distinctly seen. The sword occurs on at least six of the stones and the shears on two. Associated with these symbols are others. A horn suspended from a cord on one stone indicates that the deceased was a forester. A mattock on another represents a husbandman. A hatchet on a third symbolizes a woodcutter. Another bears a book and the letters RICAR—the beginning, doubtless, of the name Ricardus. Still another bears a belt with a buckle.

Besides these, in the churchyard there are several grave-stones of the same kind, some of which were taken from the tower during a restoration in 1863, and others from the east wall of the chancel at a later date. There are seven on the north side of the tower. One of these bears the shears and the following inscription:—

HIC IACET IOH[ANN]A
VXOR EIVS.

—(Here lies Johanna, his wife.) Another is cut into the shape of a house roof, and worked over with a representation of tiles—a suggestion of man's last home. Eleven other grave-covers lie along the south side of the church, between the buttresses. One bears nothing but a chalice—the symbol of a priest. The shears, sword, and key occur on others.

The tower of St. Oswald's has yielded other stones, however, of greater interest than any I have yet mentioned. These are two fragments of a Saxon cross. They, like the grave-covers, were employed as building material when the tower was erected. Fortunately they are adjoining parts, and have been fixed together. They are now preserved in the Dean and Chapter Library. The sides and back of the cross are covered with the interlacing knot work which is so common a feature not only of Saxon sculpture, but of all early Saxon works of art. The front is divided into three panels. The upper and lower panels are filled with knot work, but the centre one bears a design of two animals, whose limbs and tails are interlaced in a very extraordinary way. How this cross came to Durham is a mystery which will probably never be solved. It belongs to a period long antecedent to the coming hither of Aldhune and the monks with the

body of St. Cuthbert, near the end of the tenth century. The cross itself is now labelled as having probably been brought from Lindisfarne or Chester-le-Street. There can be little doubt that it came from one of these places. Symeon, of Durham, tells us that a cross of stone "of curious workmanship," which Ethelwold, Bishop of Lindisfarne, caused to be made and inscribed with his own name, after being broken by the Danes, was fastened together with lead and carried about by the monks wherever they wandered with the body of St. Cuthbert, until they arrived at Durham. "And at the present day," says Symeon, "it stands erect in the graveyard of this church (the cathedral), and exhibits to all who look upon it a memorial of those two bishops, Cuthbert and Ethelwold." Ethelwold's cross, erected at Lindisfarne in the seventh century, and seen at Durham by Symeon in the twelfth century, still existed in the reign of Henry



VIII., when it was seen by John Leland, the antiquary, who describes it as "a cross of a seven foot long, that hath an inscription of diverse rows in it, but the scripture cannot be read." He adds, "Some say that this cross was brought out of the Holy Churchyard of Lindisfarne Isle." This cross has disappeared since Leland's time, but its singular history offers a suggestion which may help us to understand the discovery of the fragments found in the tower of St. Oswald's.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Lord Dacre,
"LORD DACRE OF THE NORTH."

DN the reign of Henry VII., Thomas, ninth Baron Dacre, was one of the keepers of the peace upon the Marches, and a trusted servant of the king in various treaties and truces with Scotland, as his father, Humphrey, Lord Dacre, had been before him. "He imitated the chivalrous example which his ancestor, Ralph, had set him a hundred and seventy years before," writes Jefferson ("Antiquities of Leath Ward"), "in carrying off in the night-time from Brougham Castle, Elizabeth, of Greystoke, the heiress of his superior lord, and who, as the king's ward, was then in the custody of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who probably himself intended to marry her." We meet with him first in Border history as Sir Thomas Dacre, deputy-warden of the West Marches under his father, in 1494. Next he appeared in the protracted negotiations for securing perpetual peace between England and Scotland by a marriage between Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and the Scottish king, James IV. When these were completed he was one of the commissioners appointed to take delivery of the lordships and manors assigned for securing the princess's jointure. As such he played his part in the gorgeous pageant which, in the summer of 1503, accompanied her journey to the wedding. While she stayed in Newcastle "cam the lord Dacre of the North, accompanyd of many gentylmen honestly apoynted, and hys folks arrayd in his liveray," who joined the procession and went with it through Morpeth, Alnwick, and Berwick to Lamberton, where James, with a gay and numerous court, was ready to receive her.

After the accession of Henry VIII., in immediate

prospect of an outbreak between England and France, Lord Dacre and another were sent as ambassadors to Scotland to secure the neutrality of King James. They did not succeed. The Scottish Monarch had many grievances and many complaints to make of the conduct of his brother-in-law, and no sooner had the latter passed over to Calais than he fitted out a fleet to aid the French, and made preparations to invade England. The Earl of Surrey was despatched to the North with 26,000 men to repel his advance, and, arriving in Newcastle on the 30th of August, 1513, was joined by Lord Dacre and other local men of rank with their tenants and retainers. Then came the battle of Flodden, and in that terrible encounter Lord Dacre acted with great bravery and achieved a great success. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 560.) He commanded a body of reserve, consisting of 1,500 horse, "the bowmen of Kendal, wearing milk-white coates and red crosses, and the men of Keswick, Stainmore, Alston Moor, and Gilsland, chiefly bearing large bills," with whom, at a critical moment in the fight, he charged the division commanded by King James in the rear, and turned the fortunes of the day. It was he also who, next morning, discovered the body of James among the slain. Writing to the Privy Council after the battle, he states that the Scots loved him "worse than any man in England," because he found their king slain in the field, "and thereof advertised my lord of Norfolk by my writing, and therefore brought the corpse to Berwick and delivered it to my said lord." He adds that he had burned and destroyed, from the beginning of the war, six times more than the Scots; in the East Marches land for 550 ploughs, and upwards of 42 miles, all laid waste and no corn sown, while in the West Marches he had destroyed thirty-four townships.

Lord Dacre, at this time, resided chiefly in Northumberland, occupying, as occasion served, his castles of Morpeth and Harbottle, and keeping a watchful eye upon events across the Border. While so employed, he was able to be of service to the widowed Queen of Scotland, whose position in the sister kingdom had become critical and perilous. In less than a year after her husband's death she had secretly married the Earl of Angus, and, being deprived of sovereign power upon the discovery thereof, she prepared to fly to her brother the king of England for protection. Lord Dacre received her in September, 1515, at his castle of Harbottle, where, within a few days after her hasty arrival, she was prematurely delivered of a child. From thence, as soon as her condition permitted, she was removed to Morpeth Castle, which Dacre had "grandly decked" for her reception, and there remained till the beginning of April, when, accompanied by her host, she set forward on her journey to the English Court.

For the next three or four years Scotland was divided into two or more factions, each striving hard for the

mastery, and disturbing the peace of the country by fierce quarrels and lawless deeds of violence. In 1520, the truce then expiring had almost reached its term before the Government had taken steps to obtain its renewal. Thereupon, Ridpath tells us, the youthful King of Scotland wrote to Lord Dacre, " warden of all the English Marches," residing at Harbottle Castle, informing him that the great domestic affairs of the nation made it impracticable to send ambassadors to England, and entreating him to obtain a truce for a year, promising meanwhile to send an embassy to treat for a peace more enduring. Four years of intermittent truce and truculence followed, and it was not until the autumn of 1525 that Dacre and five other English commissioners were able to conclude a definite treaty of peace.

Among the State papers of the period are interesting letters, written by Lord Dacre of the North, to King Henry and the Privy Council, intermingled with favourable reports from others of his bravery in the field and his skill in conference. Extracts from his ledgers and correspondence, while residing at Morpeth Castle, are printed in Hodgson's "History of Northumberland," and in Hearne's "Chronicles of Otterbourne and Whethamstede." From them we obtain valuable information of the state and manners of the country, of the perpetual worry and disquiet in which Scottish troubles kept the whole of the Borderland, from Tweedmouth to Solway Frith, and of the part which he sustained in its improvement and pacification.

Lord Dacre died in 1525, and was buried beside his wife (she died in 1516) under a rich altar tomb in the south aisle of the Choir of Lanercost. His eldest son, William—known in History as William Lord Dacre, of Gilsland and Greystoke—married Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, and took a leading part in the military and political movements of his time. Several of his letters upon Border life and warfare are printed in Nicolson and Burn's "History of Westmoreland and Cumberland," and others are summarised in the Calendars of State Papers.

Rev. W. A. Darnell, B.D.,

RECTOR OF STANHOPE.

West Sheeple, or West Broomshields, in the parish of Lanchester, was for many generations the inheritance of the family of Darnell. William Darnell occurs as of "Wester Broomshels" in 1567, and it is probable that the family were in possession of the estate much earlier, for Surtees, in his "History of Durham," describes them as being "indigenous as the Greenwells."

A pedigree of the family, recorded at the College of Arms in 1832, commences with William Darnell of West Sheeple, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Shuttleworth, of Elvet, in the city of Durham, and died in 1779, aged 86. Two of the sons of this marriage came

to Newcastle and entered into business—George, who died unmarried in 1758, and William, who rose to a good position in the town as a merchant. The latter married, in 1763, Frances, daughter of Michael Dawson, of Newcastle, and relict of William Cook, of the same place. Their only son, William Nicholas Darnell, born March 14, 1776, is the subject of this sketch.

W. N. Darnell received his early education in the Grammar School of his native town. The Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson, whose admirable notices of eminent men educated in that famous school are an invaluable storehouse of information to the local biographer, tells us that, at the end of his course in Newcastle, young Mr. Darnell was elected to the Durham Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in due time became fellow and tutor, graduating B.A. in 1796, M.A. in 1800, and B.D. in 1808, and that among his pupils at college was the Rev. John Keble, author of the "Christian Year," who, in later life, paid him the compliment of dedicating to him a volume of sermons, "in ever grateful memory of helps and warnings received from him in early youth." In 1809, Archdeacon Thorp presented him to the Rectory of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the City of Durham; the following year he was appointed one of the preachers at Whitehall, and about the same time the Duke of Northumberland appointed him his chaplain.

Mr. Darnell's father, the Newcastle merchant, died April 13, 1813, and was buried in his parish church of St. Andrew. Near the entrance of the chancel of that venerable edifice, visitors read upon a mural monument the following tribute of filial affection:—

In the burial-place of this chapelry lie the remains of William Darnell, merchant-adventurer, a man whose strict integrity, sound understanding, and extensive information on commercial subjects, joined to a warm and benevolent heart, secured to him through life the confidence and esteem of numerous friends. Likewise of Frances, his wife, of whom it is not too much to say that she was a pattern of Christian graces to all around her. They lived for more than forty years in bonds of the most tender affection. Their good deeds speak for them on earth; their trust was that, through the merits of their Redeemer, they should not live in vain.

Some time before his decease the elder Darnell had alienated the estate of West Broomshields to the Greenwells, but he died wealthy; and by his will, after making provision for two surviving daughters, he left the bulk of his property to his son. The latter remained in charge of St. Mary-le-Bow till 1815, when he obtained from Bishop Barrington the living of Stockton-on-Tees. Then, resigning the Durham rectory, and his fellowship of Corpus Christi, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. William Bowe, headmaster of Scorton School, and took up his residence in the Tees-side town. From this period his rise in the Church was rapid, and his preferments were substantial. The year following his marriage Bishop Barrington presented him to the ninth stall in Durham Cathedral. In 1820, the Dean and Chapter gave him the living of St. Margaret's, Durham, which

{ And
1850.

Mr. Phillpotts, his friend and predecessor, had resigned for that of Stanhope; the following year the bishop promoted him to the sixth stall, and in 1827 he obtained from the Dean and Chapter the vicarage of Newcastle-on-Tweed. Nor was this all. By the marriage of his sister Lucy to the Rev. William Munton, son of the Rev. Anthony Munton, curate of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and his wife Dorothy Stephenson (first cousin to the mother of Lady Eldon), a friendly relationship was established among the Stephensons, Surteeses, and Scotts, which tended to his advantage. It brought him under the notice of the all powerful Lord Chancellor, who, appreciating his merits, bestowed upon him the Crown living of Lastingham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He had resigned Stockton upon receiving the appointment to St. Margaret's, but this Yorkshire living he permitted himself to hold along with his Durham preferments.

Between Mr. Darnell and the Rev. Henry Phillpotts an intimate friendship had existed from early youth. They were boys together at Corpus Christi College, and there was a family tie that helped to tighten their bonds, for Mr. Phillpotts had married a niece of Lord Eldon. In 1830, Lord Eldon raised Mr. Phillpotts from the rectory of Stanhope to the bishopric of Exeter; and this high promotion enabled him to assist his friend Mr. Darnell. Mr. Darnell resigned into his hands the sixth stall at Durham, and received in lieu of it the coveted living of Stanhope—one of the richest in the kingdom. To that classic retreat, hallowed by the memories of illustrious predecessors—Bishops Tunstall and Butler, Keene and Thurlow—he removed his family, and there he passed the remainder of his days. A trusteeship of Bishop Crewe's charity, bestowed upon him in 1826, enabled him to exchange occasionally the leafy shades of Stanhope for the bracing breezes of Bamborough Castle, and thus his life was prolonged beyond the usual span. When he was eighty-eight years old, he lost his aged partner, and a twelvemonth later, on the 19th June, 1865, he also expired. He had been more than half a century a beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Durham; for thirty-five years rector of its richest living, and for some time a canon of the Cathedral. It was, therefore, fitting and proper that his remains should rest in the Cathedral yard besides those of Archdeacon Basire, Dean Waddington, the Rev. James Raine, and other dignitaries whose lives and works have helped to make and adorn the history of the sacred pile which overshadows their tombs. An inscribed grave cover preserves his memory at Durham; a street name perpetuates it in Newcastle.

"Mr. Darnell," writes Mr. Adamson, in the little book before quoted, "was an accomplished scholar, a sound Churchman, and able divine, whose judgment and opinion, from his long experience, carried great weight in the diocese; a gentleman of refined taste and feeling, a patron of the fine arts, and himself, indeed, no mean

artist." The late Lord Ravensworth, publishing in 1858 a translation of "The Odes of Horace," names him as one of three friends from whose critical acumen he had derived advantage and received encouragement. His own contributions to literature were chiefly theological. He published, in 1816, a volume containing eighteen sermons; edited, in 1818, an abridgment of Jeremy Taylor's "Life of Christ"; and issued at various times sermons preached on special occasions; "Aurea Verba," an arrangement of the greater part of the Book of Proverbs, under general heads; the "Wisdom of Solomon," with preface and notes; and a classified edition of the Psalter for private devotion. But the book by which he is best known is "The Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D., Archdeacon of Northumberland, and Prebendary of Durham, in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., with a Memoir of his Life" (for an epitome of which see the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 193). A ballad of 212 lines from his pen, entitled "The King of the Picts and St. Cuthbert," illustrates Dr. Raine's sketch of the saint in his "History of North Durham"; a charming little song written by him at Tynemouth in 1810, entitled "On the Loss of a Vessel called the Northern Star," and commencing

The Northern Star
Sail'd over the bar,
Bound to the Baltic Sea,

enjoyed a singular popularity; while "Lines Suggested by the Death of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, by W. N. Darnell," were reprinted by John Adamson in 1842, as one of the Newcastle Typographical Society's tracts. He was a fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries, and one of the originators of the Newcastle society. To him and two others were entrusted the funds raised by public subscription for the purpose of illustrating Surtees's "History of Durham." Lastly, he gave the site, and contributed liberally to the funds for erecting a church at Thornley, in the parish of Wolsingham, and founded the "Darnell School Prize Fund," for promoting the study of the Book of Common Prayer in parochial schools.

Robert Davell,

A CHURCH DIGNITARY AT THE REFORMATION.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century a family of Davills or Davells came into prominence in Newcastle. Their name occurs in local history so early as 1355, when Alice Davill was elected prioress of the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew, in this town; and it may have been, though there is no evidence either way, that this lady was of the same ancestry. Actively engaged in commercial life, they were persons of wealth and position. William Davell, the head of the family, served the office of Sheriff of the town in the municipal year 1497-98, his son George was Sheriff for the year 1521-22, and Mayor in 1545-46; his daughter, named, like the old abbess,

Alice, was the wife of Alderman Edward Baxter, four times Mayor, and, later on, owner of the manor of Hebburn ; his son Robert was the Church dignitary whose name heads this chapter.

According to Anthony Wood, Robert Davell was educated at Oxford, where, on the last day of October, 1525, he was admitted Bachelor of Canon Law. In the same year, Thomas Horsley, Mayor, provided by his will for the endowment of a free grammar school in Newcastle, and his municipal brethren, adding a rent charge of four hundred marks per annum to assist the stipend of the master, made "Robert Davell, clerk," one of the trustees of their bounty. Mr. Davell was now on the high road to preferment. He had been appointed one of the eight prebends of the collegiate church of Norton, near Stockton, and in 1527 he obtained from the Convent of Durham the vicarage of Bedlington. In 1531 he exchanged with Roland Swinburne, M.A., the stall at Norton for the mastership of the Virgin Mary Hospital in Newcastle. Anthony Wood states that in the same year he was Archdeacon of Northumberland—"being then or soon after LL.D." Thus in the short space of four years he had been promoted to a vicarage, a mastership, and an archdeaconry.

But perilous times for the Church and churchmen were approaching. Deeper and deeper went the quarrel between Henry VIII. and the Pope, until, in 1534, the King proclaimed his independence of papal authority and assumed the office of supreme head of the Church. Archdeacon Davell accepted the situation and ordered himself accordingly. The rebellion known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace" broke out, and set the North-Country on fire. Dr. Davell still held his own. He evidently did not believe that any great change could be effected by the capricious monarch to whose ecclesiastical headship he transferred his spiritual allegiance. For in October, 1537, when the lesser monasteries of the kingdom were being suppressed, and their revenues confiscated, he signed an indenture which was to last for ever ! By this document Roland Harding, prior of the Black Friars in Newcastle, covenanted with him that for the sum of £6 18s. the Friars every day "from the date hereof for evermore" should pray for the souls of William Davell, John Brigham, and others. In little over a year from the date at which the prior signed that deed the house was dissolved, the brethren dispersed, and their property seized to the use of the King.

The Reformation made no alteration in the ecclesiastical status of Dr. Davell. Adapting himself to the changes of ritual, he pursued his course—upward and onward. Retaining his vicarage of Bedlington, the mastership of the Virgin Mary Hospital, Newcastle, and the Archdeaconry of Northumberland, he was appointed, on the 29th of May, 1541, prebendary of Holm, in York Cathedral ; his name occurs, also, about the same time, as a canon of Exeter, and prebend of the collegiate

church of Lanchester. With all these preferments in hand, it is not to be supposed that he could properly discharge the duties appertaining to them. A Royal Commission appointed in February, 1546, to inquire into the condition of colleges, chantries, &c., in Northumberland and Durham, found that the Virgin Mary Hospital was entirely neglected by its well-endowed master.

John Leland, the antiquary, travelling through Durham and Northumberland on his "Laboreuse Journey and Serche for Englanedes Antiquites," received from Dr. Davell certain information respecting the neighbourhood of Newcastle, the Picts Wall, and the families of Delaval and Davell. The cautious old traveller could not accept all that his informant communicated, and although he wrote it down carefully in his elaborate manuscripts, he took care to qualify it by the neutralising statement—"As Mr. Dr. Davelle sayith, but sufficiently provid not."

Dr. Davell died in the early part of the year 1558. He had lived through many changes, and held the chief of his preferments to the end. Of him it might be said as of Simon Alleyn, the vicar of Bray—"In the reign of Henry VIII. he was Catholic till the Reformation ; in the reign of Edward VI. he was Calvinist ; in the reign of Mary he was Papist." If Dr. Davell had not died in the same year as Queen Mary, even the end of the quotation might have been applicable to him—"in the reign of Elizabeth he was Protestant." No matter who governed the realm, or who ruled the Church, he was determined to live and die Archdeacon of Northumberland and Vicar of Bedlington.

Sir Alexander Davison,

AN OCTOGENARIAN HERO.

High up on the wall in the north aisle of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, near the north entrance, is a dingy monument, bearing a long Latin inscription, which may be translated thus :—

In memory of Alexander Davison, knight, and Ann, daughter of Ralph Cock, his dearest wife, by whom he had five sons—Thomas Davison, knight ; Ralph Davison, of Thornley ; Samuel Davison, of Wingate Grange ; Joseph, a wise captain (in the defence of this town against the Scotch rebels he fought stoutly, even unto death, and is buried hard by) ; Edward, a merchant, who died unmarried ; also two daughters—Barbara, married first to Ralph Calverley, and then to Thomas Riddell of Fenham, in the county of Northumberland, knight ; and Margaret, married to Henry Lambton, knight. This Alexander, at the time when that most treacherous rebellion was in progress, ever faithful to the good king and the royal cause, suffered the loss of his property with great fortitude ; and at last, during the siege of this town of Newcastle, while fighting courageously the attacking army of the Scotch rebels (almost eighty years of age) he bravely breathed his last. On the eleventh day of the month of November, in the year from the Incarnation of Our Lord 1644, his eldest son, Thomas Davison, knight, erected this monument.

The history of the Scottish invasion of Northumberland in 1640, and of the siege of Newcastle in 1644, has been told in these pages so often in connection with Vicar Alvey, Robert Bewicke, John Blakiston, the Carrs, the Coles, and others, that, in dealing with Alexander Davison, another hero of the period, it seems desirable to vary somewhat the style and method of treatment, and to adopt a form which shall omit the repetitions of historical illustration and avoid the prolixity of biographical narrative.

Alexander Davison, born in Newcastle in 1565, came of a family of respectable skinners and glovers who had long been domiciled in the parish of St. John. Nothing certain is known of his early days, except that, in 1592, his name appears in the Register of St. John's as a surety at the baptism of Jean, daughter of Thomas Davison, Skinner and Glover, and again, in 1603, at the christening of a son of the same parents, named, after himself, Alexander. On the 28th of August, 1597, he was married at St. Nicholas' Church to Ann, daughter of Ralph Cock, merchant—sister of the better known Ralph Cock who became sheriff, alderman, and mayor of Newcastle, and the father of four handsome and well-dowered daughters. Thenceforward his career, chronologically arranged, ran as follows :—

1611. At Michaelmas, Sir George Selby "the king's host," was elected Mayor of Newcastle for the third time, and Alexander Davison was appointed Sheriff. The decay of the local hospitals had been under consideration in the early part of the year, and Mr. Davison was one of seven members of the Corporate body appointed to negotiate for letters patent with the object of reorganising these useful institutions upon a wider basis.

1621. In a subsidy roll of this year, Mr. Davison is taxed for goods in the parish of St. Nicholas at the same rate as his brother-in-law, William Hall, Henry Chapman (the Mayor), and Alderman Warmouth—indicating that he was a merchant of good position.

1622. A special Court of the Hostmen's Company of Newcastle appointed Mr. Davison one of a committee of seven to regulate the production and sale of coal on the Tyne, and to prevent abuses in the loading of colliers.

1626. In the summer of this year piratical Dunkirkers, hovering about the North-East coast, brought the traffic of the Tyne to a standstill. Letters of marque were granted to Mr. Davison, and three others, under authority of which they fitted out the "Alexander," of 240 tons, to act as a convoy for the Newcastle coal fleet, and protect it from foreign rovers. Still further to prevent depredations at sea, the king prepared to fit out ships of war, expressing a belief that "owners of coal pits, the hostmen of Newcastle, owners of ships, and merchants, buyers and sellers of Newcastle coal," would be willing to contribute and pay so much a chaldron towards the cost of adequate protection. Of

this "freewill offering" (6d. a chaldron) he appointed Mr. Davison collector. At the same time a special contribution was demanded from the seaports and maritime counties to provide means of strengthening the navy. It fell to the lot of Mr. Davison (who had been elected Mayor of Newcastle, and appointed an alderman), to inform his Majesty that the proportion which the town was called upon to bear—viz., £5,000—could not be raised. The loan money assessed on Newcastle (£263 10s.) had been paid to the collector "at once, no one refusing," but the other sum it was out of their power to contribute.

1629. A house in the Close, at the foot of Tuthill Stairs, occupied by the Rev. Yeldard Alvey, and soon to be vacated by him for the Vicarage of Newcastle, passed into Mr. Davison's hands. He had already purchased the manor of Blakiston, near Stockton, The Gore, at Thornley, and lands, &c., at Wingate Grange, in the county palatine.

1638. Alderman Davison was elected Mayor for a second term. By this time the North-Country was agitated and the whole kingdom excited by the threatening demeanour of the Scots. Guns and stores were sent to Newcastle, and the authorities were ordered to put the town into a state of defence. On the 15th November, the Mayor and his brethren wrote to Sir Thomas Riddell, the Recorder, then in London, stating that they had been already at excessive charges in repairing walls, &c., and the town was so much in debt, and the revenues were so greatly reduced by the small trade of ships, that, if they were put to any further charges, "neither the common purse, nor our particulars, are able to support it."

1639. In April, the king came to Newcastle with a considerable army. Anticipating his arrival, the Mayor issued this curious proclamation :—

Whereas his Majesty intends shortly, God willing, to be at this town, and it is very fitting and necessary that the streets should be clean and sweet; it is therefore ordered by the Mayor, Aldermen, Mr. Sheriff, and the rest of the Common Council, that every inhabitant shall make the front of his house and shop clean presently, and so from time to time keep the same; and if any shall be negligent herein, he or she forfeit for every such default 6s. 8d., to be levied by distress of the offender's goods, rendering to the parties the overplus, if any be.

(Signed)

While his Majesty was in Newcastle, "magnificently entertained," he conferred the honour of knighthood upon the Mayor and Town Clerk. After his departure, there was copious letter-writing from Sir Alexander to the Privy Council about Puritans and Covenanters, their

coming and going, their meetings and sayings—all tending to show that he was a most energetic and devoted Royalist.

1640. Battle of Newburn, and peaceful entry of the Covenanters into Newcastle. Puritan John Fenwick, in that rambling tract of his, entitled "Christ Ruling in the Midst of His Enemies," insinuates that when the Scots entered the town Sir Alexander Davison, Sir John Marley, and others took to their heels:—

Then there was flying indeed to purpose; the swiftest flight was the greatest honour to the Newcastleian new-dub'd knights; a good Boat, a paire of Oares, a good horse (especially that would carry two men) was more worth than the valour or honour of new knighthood. . . . His Excellency Generall Lesley, accompanied with the Lords and divers Gentlemen, rode into Newcastle about noon, where they were met upon the bridge by the Mayor and some few Aldermen who were not so nimble at flight as Sir Marloe, Sir Daveson, and Sir Ridles, and others that were conscious of their guilt of their good service against the Scots, for which they got the honour of Knighthood.

1642. Sir Alexander Davison and Sir John Marley ruled with a high hand, and made themselves exceedingly obnoxious to Fenwick and the Puritan party. In a paper of charges preferred this year against them and their Royalist colleagues, it is alleged that they compelled divers inhabitants of the town to enter into bonds for great sums of money to answer at the Council Table for going to hear sermons; cast some into prison for doing the same; threatened to root all the Puritans out of the place; countenanced and allowed Papists in the town and commended them as good subjects, better to be trusted than Puritans; compelled divers to "worke and muster upon the Sobot daies to fill upp trenches neere the towne, conceaveing that to bee the best waie to discover Puritans"; enjoined the ministers in the town to preach against the Scots, and to defame their undertaking as rebellious, &c., &c. These charges had the desired effect. Parliament, on the 20th September, passed resolutions ordering Sir Alexander and four other leading Royalists to be sent for as delinquents.

1644. Siege of Newcastle. In the tedious negotiations that preceded the final assault and storming of the town Sir Alexander Davison took a prominent part. His name is attached to the famous letter in which the Royalists declared that they held Newcastle for the king, and his son Thomas was one of the hostages sent into the Scottish camp as security for the safety of commissioners deputed by Lesley to make what proved to be fruitless efforts for a peaceful surrender. In the final struggle on the 19th October, he and another of his sons, Captain Joseph Davison, were mortally wounded. The captain was buried in St. Nicholas' Church on the 25th of October; the brave old knight his father was laid beside him four days later. Apparently ignorant of his death, the House of Commons, on the 19th November following, included his name in a list of twenty-seven leading men of Newcastle who were ordered to be sent up to London in safe custody; and later, his three surviving

sons, like other Royalist gentry, were obliged to compound for the estates bequeathed to them. The eldest, Sir Thomas, who had married a daughter of Sir William Lambton, inherited Blakiston; Ralph, united to Timothea Belasise, received the Thornley property; while Samuel, who married, as third husband, a daughter of Bishop Cosin, obtained the manor of Wingate Grange. For many generations, the Davisons of Blakiston ranked among the leading gentry of the county palatine; in the fine old parish church of Norton, their beginnings and endings and the good deeds they did are commemorated upon monumental stone, and in enduring brass.

The Village of Elsdon.



LOOKING at Elsdon from the ridge above Raylees, near Knightside, we are agreeably impressed by the situation and aspect of the village. The more so if we have travelled over Ottercups Hill and grown weary of gazing at the moorland landscape. We see before us a quiet pastoral valley which, in its "green felicity," contrasts very strongly with the dun-coloured heights around it, some of which are from a thousand to thirteen hundred feet above the sea-level. On the northern slope of this valley lies the village of Elsdon. A moorland burn from the north, after passing Dunshield, makes a bend to the south-east, sweeping round to the south, and then to the west, half enclosing the village. We can trace its course by the pine trees which rear their dark green heads above its peat-stained waters.

Our gaze is insensibly drawn in the first place to the fortified rectory-house—Elsdon Castle, as it is called, a stronghold of the ancient lords of Redesdale. It stands at the head of the village overlooking the little ravine which protects it on the north and east. These dark-grey walls cast the spell of antiquity over the whole scene. Somewhat sombre is their influence, though nature has endeavoured to mitigate it by covering the south front with ivy. Three at least of the reverend tenants of the tower were persons of some note:—The Rev. C. Dodgson, afterwards Bishop of Ossory; Archdeacon Singleton, grandson of the celebrated antiquary, Captain Grose; and the Rev. Louis Dutens (or Duchillon), A.M., F.R.S., historiographer to the king, and honorary member of the French Academy of Belles Lettres, author of "Discoveries of the Ancients attributed to the Moderns," and "Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement."

Beyond the tower, on the opposite side of the burn, are the mote-hills, their huge earthen ramparts distinctly visible. With what interest we regard these diluvial mounds which have been shaped so laboriously by the early inhabitants of the district into their present form! Imagination conjures up to our gaze the assembled

{ April
1860

chieftains deliberating on matters of importance, administering justice, and promulgating their rude laws. Imagination, however, may be wrong, as in so many other instances where it acts as a substitute for definite knowledge. In these mounds, with their earthworks, we have probably but a stronghold or camp of prehistoric times.

A little lower down the slope than the pele tower is the church of St. Cuthbert, of which we can see the west wall, the bell turret, and the slated roof of the nave. It was founded in Norman times about the year 1100, and still retains in its west gable two responds of that period. The main part of the present building, however, dates from about 1400. Some years ago a large number of skeletons were discovered beneath the foundations of the north wall of the nave and in the churchyard adjoining, packed in the smallest possible space, the skulls of one row resting within the thigh-bones of another. As the bodies had evidently been buried at the same time, shortly before the rebuilding of the church, it is believed that these skeletons are the remains of warriors who were slain at Otterburn in 1388.

From the green churchyard, with its crowded headstones, we direct our gaze to the village itself, which has manifestly been very much larger at one time than it is at present. It consists, roughly speaking, of a double line of buildings separated by a large shelving green several acres in extent. Conspicuous on the east side is the Crown Temperance Hotel, with its long, low, plastered front. It bears carved on its doorhead the name of its former proprietor, "John Gallon," and the date of its erection

1729. To this Elsdon family belonged John Gallon, a famous otter hunter in his day, who was drowned in the river Lugar, South Ayrshire, on the 16th of July, 1873, and is interred in the churchyard here. Continuous with this old house are some of the better class houses of the village, in the midst of them being a Methodist Chapel. At the extreme south corner of the green is the ancient pinfold for confining stray cattle. On the west side of the green, the eye rests on the blue-slated roofs and gables of the other line of cottages, and on the pastures behind them, dotted with cattle and sheep. Lower down are some old thatched cottages in a dilapidated condition. A few stunted thorns by the roadside carry the eye down to the burn which is crossed by a little stone bridge of a single arch. Away to the west the valley opens out towards Overacres and Otterburn.

The charm of the village is its seclusion. Here at any rate you may feel yourself safe from the whistle of the steam engine. In this valley one may hear many an old-fashioned saying and quaint turn of speech, and take part in the observance of time-honoured customs which are only remembered in these out-of-the-way places. It is not many years since the midsummer bonfires through which cattle were driven to protect them from disease were to be seen burning on Elsdon Green. It is difficult to believe that the humorous strictures of Mr. Chatt on the village folk in his poem "At Elsdon" have any foundation in fact. Hospitality is one of the last of the old-world virtues to leave a remote village like this. Suspicion of strangers,



if indeed that is really a characteristic of the Elsdon folk, may easily be explained as a habit inherited from their ancestors, who were liable to be called on at any time to defend their homes from unwelcome visitors. A poet who arrives at a village after dark, hungry and tired, and wet through to the skin, is hardly in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the charms of the place. A verse like the following is a very likely outcome of such subjective conditions :—

Hae ye ivver been at Elsdon ?—
The world's unfinished neuk ;
It stands amang the hungry hills,
An' wears a frozen leuk.
The Elsdon folk, like diein' stegs,
At every stranger stare,
An' hathet broth an' curlew eggs
Yell get for supper there.

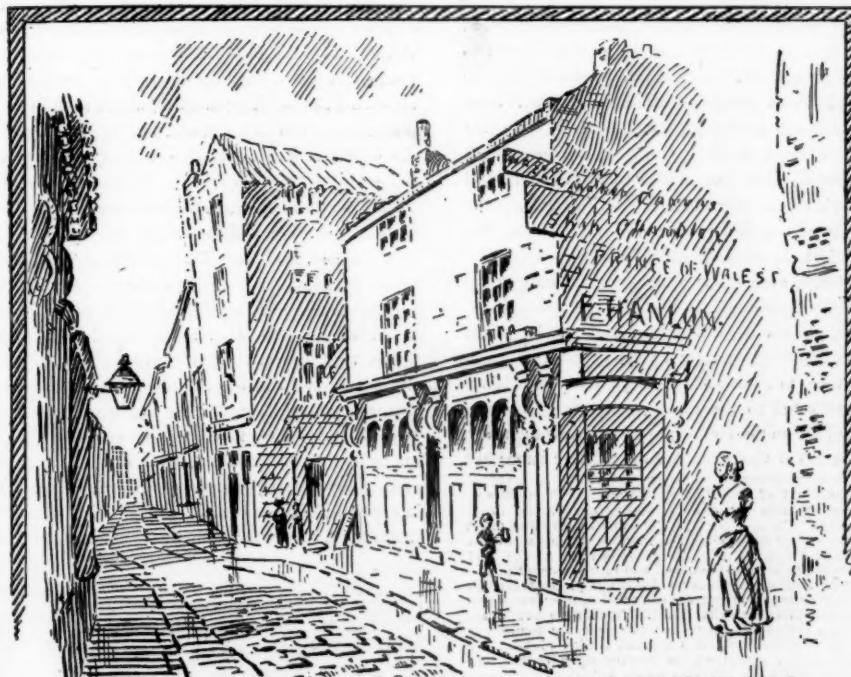
For many months in the year, Elsdon can scarcely be a desirable place to live in. One has only to read the experience of the Rev. C. Dodgson, who was rector here from 1762 to 1765, to learn what discomforts and hardships are endured by the inhabitants of the village and district in winter. In summer, however, when the heath is in bloom on the hills, or in autumn, when the rime which has fallen through the night is yet white on the bracken, Elsdon may justly be described as a picturesque village.

The accompanying engraving is reproduced from a water-colour drawing by Mr. Robert Wood.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

The Wooden Dolly, North Shields.

DOLLY has stood in the Low Street, North Shields, through all the changes and vicissitudes incidental to the development and decay of an old seaport town over the past seventy or eighty years. And who is there, far and wide, that does not know her majestic form from personal observation? or, not knowing her, has not heard of her attractive charms by popular repute? So widespread and universal is her fair fame that old friendships have been renewed and cemented, mingled associations of pleasure and pain revived, and mutual introduction and intercourse effected, by the mere mention of the magic cognomen of the Wooden Dolly in almost every portion of the world into which the hardy Shields sailor has introduced his Tyneside dialect. Some there are who will be ready to dispute the fact that the Wooden Dolly has "braved the battle and the breeze" all through those long years. True, she has been patched, cleaned up, painted, renovated, re-fixed, and re-modelled. In fact, so near had her venerable form approached utter demolition at one time by a species of "Dolly worship" that seized hold upon our superstitious sons of Neptune and induced



The Wooden Dolly, the Low Street, North Shields.

them to chip off pieces of the figure to carry over the main with them as a sort of charm against the perils to which their calling exposed them, that many believe that she was, some score years or so back, rejuvenated and reimbued with all her stately disposition of drapery and other feminine adornments from a "breaking-up yard."

It is sufficient to state that there has been a Wooden Dolly standing in the position of the present one, uninterruptedly, over very many years, with the exception, so far as can be learned, of an hour or so upon an occasion when some carousing shipwrights and naval reserve men carried



Wooden Dolly

the Custom House Quay—more popularly known as the Wooden Dolly Quay—was formed, the Dolly was placed at its entrance to preserve the right of way, and to prevent the introduction of vehicular traffic.* Everything round about seems to have incorporated itself with the personality of the Dolly. Custom House Quay has become Wooden Dolly Quay; Custom House Steps have become Wooden Dolly Steps; and the Prince of Wales Hotel, within reach of Dolly's right arm, if she were able to utilise it for the purpose of slaking her thirst, has lost its royal identity in the course of the popular homage, and is now much better known as the Wooden Dolly "public-hoose."

Dolly has always been a sort of landmark by which to direct the inquiring stranger to his destination. She was at one time, too, turned to practical account by being ruthlessly subjected to the indignity of having a warp turned round her ankles for the purpose of drawing heavy spars and baulks of timber up the quay. Her career has

* A correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle* (William Street, North Shields) confirms this theory, adding one or two other items of interest. "I am," he says, "unable to give the exact date, but, about the year 1814, Mr. Alexander Bartleman owned an old collier brig that was being put into dock for repairs, and while here the figure-head was taken off and placed where the present Dolly stands. The purpose for which it was placed there was to prevent vehicles backing down the quay and causing inconvenience to business people at that place. There were previously posts, or a bar, across the quay. At the time the figure was first placed in position there was a small garden plot on the Custom House Quay, and also trees growing upon it—not trees that grow in a flower pot, but trees nearly as high as the house tops."

been in a great measure made noteworthy by the affection and endearments that have been lavished upon her by the seafaring population. Sailors coming home after long voyages, after having got "half-seas over," have frequently been known to hug and kiss her as fervently as they would an ancient female relative. Others who have succeeded in getting into a really "heavy sea," and, staggering along under all canvas, have rolled up against her, have been known to "sheer off" with an oath; but immediately afterwards, on discovering their mistake, have pulled up with a lurch and a "Hollo, old gal, isn't you as's broached? Well, hoo ye gettin' on, eh? Come an' hev a drink, old gal!" Dolly proving obdurate to the allurements of gallant Jack, occasions have been known where he, with characteristic determination to "do the amiable," has entered the house at the corner, and, returning with a glass of steaming spirits, has poured its contents over her upturned face. Others in a like predicament, who have not been favoured with her personal acquaintance, have frequently ordered her to "shiver her timbers." And so the fun has gone on over a longer time than the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" can remember.

Although young children have always regarded Dolly with a certain amount of awe, and their parents have held her in respect and veneration, the "hobbledehoy" has frequently had to be taken to task for exercising his natural propensity for slashing and carving at everything with his pocket-knife; and so often was her aquiline nose shaved off flat with her face that it was found necessary to impose a fine on a youth who had despoiled her. After this salutary lesson, Dolly underwent a somewhat rough and unsurgical operation that resulted in her appearing the following morning with a metal nose, which was screwed into its place, and has to this day defeated the efforts of her implacable enemy, the boy with a knife.

Public attention was attracted towards Dolly to an unusual degree awhile ago. It arose from the fact that mine host of the adjoining hostelry had taken practical steps to have her placed in a state of becoming repair, and to that end had engaged workmen to fill in the decayed and mutilated portions of her figure with cement, during which unnatural process she was made to accept the prevailing fashion as to the arrangement of her drapery by the addition of an "improver." Her new dress of emerald green gave unqualified satisfaction to the greater portion of the residents in the neighbourhood, who evinced the liveliest interest in the proceedings. Dolly, if left alone, is now in condition to last for many a year to come.

"The Duke of Baubleshire."

 MONGST the Durham notables of the last century not the least remarkable was Thomas French, better known as the "Duke of Baubleshire," who died on the 16th of May, 1796, in Durham Workhouse, at the ripe age of 85. The Duke of Baubleshire was such an "institution" in the city of St. Cuthbert that his portrait was lithographed and published long before he died. His grace assumed the title

*The Duke of Baubleshire.*

of his own accord, and without any bogus patent, as was the case with his townsman, Baron Brown, whose history has been given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 433. When he assumed the title, he mounted a coloured paper star on the breast of his coat—though that garment was known as a spencer when his grace was in the flesh. As a further mark of his quality, he wore a cockade in his hat, while a liberal display of brass curtain rings on his fingers completed his outfit.

It is difficult to conjecture, at this distance of time, the origin of Thomas French's title. No doubt he assumed it with the decline of his understanding, until which time he was said to have been an industrious working man, supporting himself by honest labour. French, in right of his imaginary dukedom, publicly asserted his claims to immense possessions. It was his usual custom to stop and accost every one he knew, or could introduce himself to, on points of business connected with the vast Baubleshire estates. Though at no time master of a shilling, he incessantly complained of having been defrauded of large amounts in cash and bank bills. He rarely saw a valuable horse, or a handsome carriage, without claiming it, and insisted on his fancied rights so peremptorily and per-

tinaciously as to be often exceedingly annoying to the possessors of the property in dispute. His grace, however, was a "chartered libertine" in matters relating to property, and his extraordinary conduct was generally tolerated with good humour. He accordingly made charges of misappropriation against individuals of all ranks and conditions. Nor did he make any secret of his intimate and frequent correspondence with the king, "Farmer George," on the subject of raising men to carry on the war, and other important affairs of State

His grace has been immortalised by the pen of the poet as well as the pencil of the artist. The following, no doubt by one of the "Durham Wags" (see page 301), may do duty for his epitaph :—

Among the peers without compeer,
A noble lord of Parliament,
Upon his "country's good" intent,
Through Durham daily took his walk,
And talk'd, "Ye gods, how he did talk."
His private riches, how immense!
His public virtue, how intense!
Pre-eminent of all the great,
His mighty wisdom ruled the State!
His claims to high consideration
Brought deeper into debt the nation.
Was he not, then, a Statesman? What
Else could he be? for I know not.

The Brown Linnet and the Lesser Redpole.

 HE Brown Linnet (*Fringilla cannabina*, Bewick) is a common and well-known resident in the Northern Counties, as it is, indeed, over the whole kingdom. It is a favourite cage bird, and has quite a number of common names, most of which are derived from its changes of plumage and nesting places. The three species of linnets which are residents in Northumberland and Durham are the brown linnet, mountain linnet, and lesser redpole.

The brown or grey linnet, as Mr. Hancock points out, has the breast sometimes red, sometimes grey. "When the brown linnet is kept in confinement, it loses the red on the breast on the first moult, and never afterwards regains it, but continues in the plumage of the grey linnet. The fact is that the males, from shedding the nest feathers, get a red breast, which they retain only during the first season; they then assume the garb of the female, which is retained for the rest of their lives, as in the case of the crossbill. This does not seem to be generally understood by ornithologists, though the bird fancier is quite familiar with the fact. It is stated by Yarrell that the male assumes the red breast in the breeding season. This is not quite correct, for quite as many are found breeding without the red breast as with it." Thus we find that only the young birds have the red breast.

The favourite haunts of the linnet are hilly or unculti-

vated tracks, where whin and broom grow plentifully; but the birds also frequent cultivated districts, and may likewise be found nesting in hawthorn hedges and bushes bounding fields of grass or corn, though they are usually most plentiful in upland countries.

The flight of the brown linnet is light, rapid, and hovering, not unlike that of the titlark, but swifter. When about to descend, the birds wheel round in circles, and often almost touch the earth when on the wing, then rise again into the air, and continue their flight some distance before settling. They hop nimbly on the ground, and when singing in trees are usually perched upon the topmost branch, or on a projecting twig. The old birds are in song from March to August, and the young sing from the time of their moulting in autumn all through



the bright winter days of November and December. The young males easily learn to imitate the notes of other birds, but forget them after a few repetitions. The food of the linnet consists of the seeds of various plants, such as the dandelion, thistle, rape, &c.

The linnet nests early, and the first brood, of which there are generally two, are usually on the wing by the end of May. The nest, a neat structure, is found in various situations, such as whin bushes, heath, grass, in small and scrubby bushes, and sometimes in thick hawthorn hedges, as the birds accommodate themselves to their surroundings. The nest is deftly constructed of withered stalks of grass, slender twigs, intermixed with moss and wool, and lined with hair and feathers. The eggs are from four to six in number.

The male is rather larger than the female—about five inches and three-quarters long. But as the brown linnet is so well known, and is so faithfully depicted in Mr. Duncan's illustration, a detailed description of the plumage of the bird is superfluous.

The Lesser Redpole (*Fringilla linaria*, Bewick; *Linota linaria*, Yarrell) is a resident in the Northern Counties,

as in many other localities, breeding in tall hawthorn hedges, woods, &c.

The peculiar rosy-red tints of the breast and rump of the lesser redpole, as Mr. John Hancock points out, reminds one of the similar tints of the crossbill. The



colour does not appear to be retained for any length of time, because many birds are found breeding without it; and it is a notorious fact that in cage specimens the rosy hues never return after the birds have moulted, as has already been noticed with respect to the linnet.

The lesser redpole, known also as the lesser redpole linnet, or lesser flax bird, is an essentially northern species, though its range over Europe extends from Denmark to Italy. It is a resident throughout the year in the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland; but it is only an occasional winter visitor in the South of England, where it is frequently seen in very large flocks around woods and coppices. The food consists of the seeds of the turnip, thistle, poppy, dandelion, mosses, and other plants, as well as the seeds of trees and shrubs.

The bird breeds sparingly in Yorkshire and Lancashire, but it is seldom found nesting south of Derbyshire, though nests have been found in Warwickshire, and even in the Isle of Wight. The nest is composed of moss and dry stalks of grass, intermixed and lined with down from the catkin of the willow, and the eggs are from four to five in number.

The male redpole is rather under five inches in length. The forehead, which is dull red in winter, crimson in summer, is edged by a blackish band, the tips of the feathers being yellowish grey, and the rest black; crown a mixture of dark and light brown, the centre of each feather being the darkest; neck in front, pale brown, with dark streaks; on the sides the same; chin with a patch of black; throat in front blackish, the tips of the feathers being yellowish grey in winter, and the rest black; on the sides it is a pale brown with dark streaks; in the summer, fine red above, and on the sides,

fainter downwards, pale brownish white in winter, the sides the most streaked. Back, yellowish brown, streaked with blackish brown, darkest in summer, over the tail dull red. The wings extend to the width of three inches and three-quarters. The female is smaller than her mate, and her plumage less marked.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BOWLD AIRCHY DROON'D.

 RCHIBALD HENDERSON is described by Robert Gilchrist, the author of this song, as "a man of great stature and immense muscular power; but, though his appearance was to many a terrific object, he was very inoffensive in his manners." Henderson was a keelman, and in early life had been impressed into his Majesty's service, and had fought in some of the naval engagements in the wars against France and Spain. There were many excellent traits in his character, among the rest attachment to his mother being worthy of record. Archy, although noted for his good humour, entered with prompt spirit into

of any wrangle he might be engaged in, and he would follow her with the docility of a child.

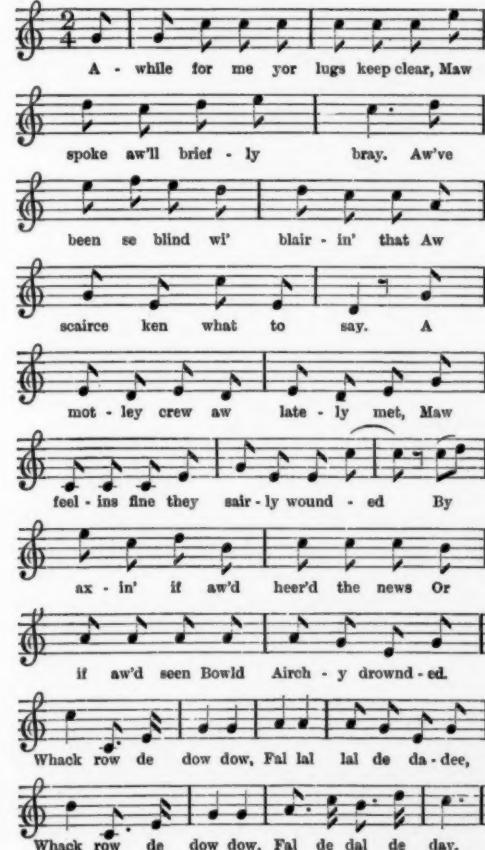
Archy was never married. He once confessed himself a little enamoured of a pretty servant girl who resided on the Quayside: the highest compliment Archy paid her was by observing that "she was almost as canny a woman as his mother." He died on the 14th May, 1828, in his 87th year.

Our portrait is taken from the celebrated painting of a group of fourteen "Newcastle Eccentrics," all living in 1819, painted by H. P. Parker, and engraved by Armstrong.

Bold Archy is immortalized in several other songs written by Gilchrist, William Oliver, and other local poets.

The song we now print is written to the melody of "The Bowld Dragoon," which enjoyed universal popularity in the early years of this century, and to which several of the best Tyneside songs have been written.

An account of Mr. Robert Gilchrist's life and works, together with a portrait, appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for May, 1888, page 234.



A - while for me yor lugs keep clear, Maw
spoke aw'll brief - ly bray. Aw've
been se blind wi' blair - in' that Aw
scairce ken what to say. A
mot - ley crew aw late - ly met, Maw
feel - ins fine they sair - ly wound - ed By
ax - in' if aw'd heer'd the news Or
if aw'd seen Bowld Airch - y drownd - ed.
Whack row de dow dow, Fal la lal de da-dee,
Whack row de dow dow, Fal de dal de day.



the partisan quarrels of his day; and, fierce as these might be, the voice of his mother charmed him in one moment into meekness. She was a little woman; but it was no uncommon sight to behold her leading Archy out

Awhile for me yor lugs keep clear,
 Maw spoke aw'll briefly bray;
 Aw've been se blind wi' blairin'* that
 Aw scarce ken what to say.
 A motley crew aw lately met;
 Maw feelin's fine they sairly wounded,
 By axin' if aw'd heer'd the newa,
 Or if aw'd seen Bowld Airchy drownded.
 The tyel like wild-fire through the toon
 Suin cut a dowly† track.
 An' seemed to wander up an' doon
 Wi' Sangate on its back;
 Bullrug was there—Golightly's Will—
 To croon the whole, awd Nelly Mairchy,‡
 Whe, as they roond the Deed Hoose thrang'd,
 Whing'd oot in praise of honest Airchy.
 Whack, row de dow, &c.
 Waes! Airchy lang was hale and rank,
 The king o' laddies braw;
 His wrist was like an anchor shank,
 His fist was like the claw.
 His yellow waistcoat, flowered se fine,
 Myed tyelians lang for cabbage cuttin's;
 It myed the bairns to glower amain,
 An' cry, "Ni, ni, what bonny buttons!"
 His breeches and his jacket clad
 A body rasher-stright;||
 A bunch o' ribbons on his knees,
 His shoes and buckles bright,
 His dashin' stockin's true sky-blue;
 His gud shag hat, although a biggin',
 When cockt upon his bonny heid,
 Luiked like a pea upon a midden,
 The last was he te myek a row,
 Yet foremost i' the fight;
 The first was he te reet the wrang'd,
 The last te wrang the right.
 They said sic deeds, wherer he'd gyen,
 Cud not but meet a noble station;
 Cull Billy! fear'd that a' sic hopes
 Were built upon a bad foundation.
 For Captain Starkey word was sent
 Te come without delay;
 But the Captain begg'd te be excused,
 An' come another day.
 When spirits strong and nappy beer,
 Wi' brede an' cheese, might myek 'm able
 Te bear up sic a load o' grief,
 An' do the honours o' the table.
 Another group was then sent off,
 An' brought Blind Willie doon,
 Whe started up a symphony
 Wi' fiddle oot o' tune:—
 "Here Airchy lies, his country's pride,
 Oh! San'gate, thou will sairly miss him,

* To *blair* is to cry vehemently, or to roar loud like a peevish child when touched or contradicted—a man or woman sympathetically drunk and giving full vent to his or her outraged feelings in a maudlin outburst; or a call bleating for its mother's milk. It is one of the many North-Country words borrowed from the Dutch, in which *blaer* has the same meaning.

† *Dowly* means lonely, dismal, melancholy, sorrowful, doleful. It is from the Celtic *dúille*, darkness, obscurity, stupidity. It is, perhaps, also cognate with the Danish *dølige*, conceal, hide, keep in the dark.

‡ All characters once notorious, now difficult if not impossible to identify.

|| As straight as a rush.

¶ Cull Billy, properly William Scott, of whom Sykes gives a long account under date July 31st, 1831. He also was one of the fourteen Newcastle eccentrics immortalised by Parker and Armstrong. Captain Starkey was a still more famous character, whose autobiography, with a portrait and fac-simile of his handwriting, was published by William Hall, Groat Market, Newcastle. 1818. 12mo. 14 p.p. His portrait and memoir were also given in "Hone's Every Day Book," and formed the subject of one of the most quaint and pathetic essays of Charles Lamb (Elia).

Stiff, drownded i' the ragin' tide,
 Powld** off at last! E-ho! Odd bless him."

While thus they mourned, byeth wives an' bairns,
 Young cheps and awd men grey,
 Whe shud there cum but Airchy's sel',
 Te see about the fray—
 Aw goy a shriek, for weel ye ken
 A seat like this wad be a shocker—
 "Od smash! here's Airchy back agyen,
 Slipped oot, by gox, frae Davy's Locker."

Aboot him they all thrang'd an' axed
 What news frae underground?
 Each tell'd aboot their blairin'
 When they kenn'd that he was droon'd.
 "Hoots!" Airchy mounged, †† it's nowt but lees!
 Te the Barley Mow let's e'en be joggin',
 Aw'll tyek me oath it wasn't me,
 For aw hear it's Airchy Logan."

Te see Bold Airchy thus restored,
 They giv sic lood hurrahs,
 As myed ther very skies te split,
 An' deaved a flight o' crows;
 Te the Barley Mow for swipes o' yell
 They yen an' a' went gaily joggin',
 Rejoiced to hear the droondit man
 Was ony little Airchy Logan.

Durham Castle.

DURHAM was first peopled by the monks of St. Cuthbert in the year 995. In some way the city was fortified very soon afterwards. Amongst the historical literature of a very early date which has come down to our time, is a very curious tract, which has been ascribed, though doubtless incorrectly, to Symeon of Durham. It is entitled "Concerning the Siege of Durham and the Valour of Earl Uchtred." It tells us that, near the close of the tenth century, Malcolm, King of Scotland, having waisted Northumberland with fire and sword, laid siege to Durham. Aldhune, the bishop, had a son-in-law named Uchtred, the son of Cospatric, "a youth of great energy, and well skilled in military affairs." He, learning that the land was devastated by the enemy, "and that Durham was in a state of blockade and siege, collected together into one body a considerable number of the men of Northumbria and Yorkshire, and cut to pieces nearly the entire multitude of the Scots; the king himself, and a few others, escaping with difficulty. He caused to be carried to Durham the best looking heads of the slain, ornamented (as the fashion of the time was) with braided locks, and after they had been washed by four women—to each of whom he gave a cow for her trouble—he caused these heads to be fixed upon stakes, and placed round the walls."

It would be vain to speculate as to the extent of the fortifications of Durham at the period of Malcolm's siege.

** Powld, pushed off the shore into deep water, launched like a keel, with a long pole.

†† Mounge, moonj, moongs, to grumble lowly, to whine—Brockett.

The city of that day was no doubt chiefly defended by its strong natural position, and the walls whereon the heads of the vanquished Scots were mounted were in every probability only pallisades of stakes, enclosing the inhabited plateau round the cathedral.

After a few years, Durham was once more besieged, and this time also by the Scots. In or about the year 1040 Duncan, King of Scotland, invaded England. He was attended by a countless multitude of troops. "He laid siege to Durham, and made strenuous but ineffective efforts to capture it. A large proportion of his cavalry was slain by the besieged, and he was put to disorderly flight, in which he lost all his foot-soldiers, whose heads were collected in the market place and hung up on posts." Such is the brief narrative given by Symeon of Durham. Unfortunately it is not supplemented by other historians. Still, it affords evidence that the defences of Durham were uninterruptedly maintained and were of an efficient character.

Soon after the Norman conquest Durham was once more the scene of bloodshed. In 1069 the Conqueror appointed Robert Cumin to the earldom of Northumberland. "When the Northumbrians heard of this man's arrival, they all abandoned their houses and made immediate preparation for flight," but a sudden snow-storm and a frost of unusual severity kept them at home. They resolved, however, either to slay the earl or to die themselves. He, on coming northwards, was warned by the bishop of his probable fate, but he spurned all counsel, and proceeded on his way. "So the earl entered Durham with seven hundred men, and they treated the householders as if they had been enemies." This was not to be meekly borne, and "very early in the morning, the Northumbrians, having collected themselves together, broke in through all the gates, and, running through the city, hither and thither, they slew the earl's followers. So great, at the last, was the multitude of the slain, that every street was covered with blood, and filled with dead bodies. But there still survived a considerable number, who defended the door of the house in which the earl was, and securely held it against the inroads of the assailants. They, on their part, endeavoured to throw fire into the house, so as to burn it and its inmates; and the flaming sparks, flying upwards, caught the western tower [of the cathedral built by Aldhune], which was in immediate proximity, and it appeared to be on the very verge of destruction"; but, according to the chronicler, it was miraculously saved, in answer to the prayers of the people. "The house, however, which had caught fire, continued to blaze; and of those persons who were within it some were burnt, and some were slaughtered as soon as they crossed its thresholds; and thus the earl was put to death along with all of his followers, save one, who escaped wounded."

From these narratives we learn all that we can know of the earliest defences of Durham. The castle of Durham,

as we know it, is the work of many men and of many centuries. It was founded by William the Conqueror, when returning from Scotland in the year 1072. The statement that he was the founder has been more than once called in question, but, I think, without just reason. The continuation of Symeon's "History of the Kings" says—"When the king had returned from Scotland, he built a castle in Durham, where the bishop might keep himself and his people safe from the attacks of assailants." Of the work of William's day nothing remains beyond the very remarkable chapel, with its tall cylindrical shafts, grotesque capitals, and vaulted roofs—altogether one of the most interesting portions of the whole fortress, or, indeed, of any English castle. There can be little doubt that the present keep, which, so far as anything visible is concerned, is entirely modern—the work of the present century—stands on the site of a keep built by the Conqueror. The mound whereon the keep is raised is pronounced, by consensus of opinion, to be artificial. If this be so, we may safely associate it with the earliest fortifications of Durham, of which doubtless it formed the principal feature.

The See of Durham was held from 1099 to 1128 by Bishop Flambard, by whom the defences of Durham were strengthened and extended. "He strengthened the city of Durham with a stronger and loftier wall, although, indeed, nature herself had fortified it," says the continuator of Symeon's "History of the Church of Durham"; and, adds the same authority, "he built a wall which extended from the choir of the church [i.e., the cathedral] to the keep of the castle." It is not improbable that parts of Flambard's walls still exist in fragments of ancient masonry, which may be seen in the gardens of some of the houses in the North and South Baileys. Another of Flambard's works deserves to be mentioned in this connection. To him we owe the large open space between the cathedral and the castle, known as Place or Palace Green. "He levelled the space between the church and the castle, which had hitherto been occupied by numerous poor houses, and made it as plane as a field, in order that the church should neither be endangered by fire nor polluted by filth."

To Bishop Pudsey the castle of Durham owes much. Some of the most interesting and beautiful parts of the whole fortress must be ascribed to him. Unfortunately the information afforded by the historians as to the works he accomplished is disappointingly meagre. Galfrid of Coldingham tells us that "in the castle of Durham the buildings, which, in the earliest periods of his episcopacy, were destroyed by fire, he rebuilt." He built the great hall on the north side of the courtyard, or, I ought rather to say, the two great halls, the upper and the lower. A much later gallery which runs along the whole south front of these halls hides the principal entrance, a magnificent and greatly enriched doorway, one of the most splendid specimens of late Norman work to be

found anywhere in this kingdom. It is needless to say that this doorway was originally reached by a flight of stairs leading up from the courtyard. The lower hall presents none of its original features except this doorway, for the whole of its interior is divided into modern apartments. The upper hall is entered through a plain doorway. It is, or rather was, surrounded by a beautiful arcade, much of which is hidden by plaster and students' rooms, but on the south side it is fortunately accessible and visible, and fairly well preserved.

It is remarkable that, so far at least as I know, none of the chroniclers mentions Bishop Anthony Bek as the builder of any part of the castle. He held the see from 1283 to 1311, and to him we can have no hesitancy in ascribing the great hall on the west side of the courtyard, and which is usually associated with the name of Bishop Hatfield. This hall must have replaced a Norman struc-

ture, possibly of as early date as the chapel, but almost certainly not later than the time of Flambard. Indeed, a crypt or cellar, beneath the hall, is throughout of Norman workmanship, and possesses features which appear to belong to an early period of that style. Bek's hall (now used as the dining hall of Durham University) has been much altered and restored, both in early and in recent times, and the distinctive features of its original character which still remain are slight. But the inner doorway, and a window a little way north of the fireplace, are comparatively unaltered, and enable the student of architecture to establish the date of this part of the castle.

We now come to the important episcopate of Bishop Hatfield, whose period extended from 1345 to 1382. William de Chambre, another of the Durham chroniclers, tells us that Hatfield "renewed the buildings in the castle



EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL, DURHAM CASTLE.

which by antiquity or age had been destroyed or become dilapidated ; and he constructed anew both the episcopal hall and the hall of the constable, as well as other edifices in the same castle." The phrase, "he constructed anew," must be understood with considerable latitude. The "episcopal hall" is undoubtedly the hall built by Bek, whilst the "constable's hall" is most probably the upper hall of Pudsey. Hatfield rebuilt neither of these ; but that he made considerable alterations in both is certain, and, in addition to this, he no doubt put both halls into a

state of thorough repair. But Chambré proceeds to say that Hatfield "rendered the city of Durham, which was already sufficiently fortified by nature and a wall, still stronger by means of a tower, constructed at his expense, within the limits of the castle." That tower was the keep. The walls built by Hatfield remained till within living memory, and the present keep is raised on their foundations. But Hatfield was clearly rebuilding an earlier structure, which we have already attributed to the time of William the Conqueror.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL, DURHAM CASTLE.

The later structural history of the castle I must record as briefly as possible. Cardinal Langley, who was bishop of Durham from 1406 to 1437, is stated to have built the entire gaol of Durham, and to have constructed the gates of that gaol with most costly stones, in the place of gates of earlier date which had fallen into ruin. This gaol and gateway, which stood at the foot of the North Bailey—a most picturesque and interesting structure—was taken down in 1818 or 1819. Bishop Fox, who occupied the see from 1494 to 1502, made great alterations in Bek's hall. Whereas, prior to his time, there were two royal seats in the hall, one at the upper end and one at the lower, he only allowed the upper one to remain, and in place of the lower seat he made a larder with pantries, and over these he erected two galleries for trumpeters or other musicians in the time of meals. He also erected a steward's room, a large kitchen, and other apartments at the south end of the hall, and in this way reduced its original length fully one-third. He had other works in progress when his translation to Winchester put an end to his plans. Cuthbert Tunstall, bishop of Durham from 1530 to 1560, partly rebuilt the inner gateway, and also erected the present chapel; besides which he raised the gallery which hides the front of Pudsey's halls. Bishop Neile still further reduced the dimensions of Bek's great hall. Cosin, the first bishop after the restoration of Charles II., built the portico which is now the principal entrance to the castle, and to him also we owe the magnificent oak staircase. Minor alterations have been carried out by later prelates, but to these it is not necessary to refer.

The castle of Durham has witnessed many scenes of pomp and splendour. Monarchs and nobles of the land have been royally entertained within its walls by the great and powerful prince-bishops of the palatinate. Here, in 1333, Bishop Bury entertained Edward III. and his Queen, the Queen-Dowager of England, the King of Scotland, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, five other bishops, seven earls with their countesses, all the nobility north of Trent, and a vast concourse of knights, esquires, and other persons of distinction, amongst whom were many abbots, priors, and other religious men. In 1424 Durham was crowded with the nobility of England and Scotland on the occasion of the liberation of the Scottish king and his marriage with Jane Seymour. The royal pair arrived in Durham attended by a numerous retinue, and remained here a considerable time. In 1503 the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, on her way to Scotland to become the bride of King James, arrived at Durham. "At the entering of the said town, and within, in the streets and at the windows, was so innumerable people, that it was a fair thing for to see. . . . The 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of the said month [of July] she sojourned in the said place of Durham, when she was well cherished, and her costs borne by the said bishop, who, on the 23rd

day, held whole hall, and double dinner and double supper to all comers worthy to be there. And in the said hall was set all the noblese, as well spirituals as temporals, great and small, the which was welcome." In 1633 Charles I. was for several days the guest of Bishop Morton, who entertained the king with a degree of splendour which cost him £1,500 a day. Six years later the king was again entertained by Morton, but with much less magnificence, for the shadow, which darkened day by day, even to the end, had then already fallen across the unhappy monarch's path. The last great scene of festivity witnessed within these ancient walls was enacted in 1827, when the Duke of Wellington, then on a visit to Wynyard, together with many of his old companions in arms, and the nobility and gentry of the county, was entertained by Van Mildert, the last of the prince-bishops of Durham. Sir Walter Scott was amongst the guests, and in his diary gives a picturesque description of the scene in the great hall, and speaks in warmly eulogistic terms of the dignified bearing and princely hospitality of the host.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Grand Allies.

DURING the palmy days of the Coal Trade, when prices could be kept up to an unnaturally high figure by a junta of monopolists agreeing together to "limit the vend," or, as we would now say, to "limit the output,"* a few great territorial magnates in the Northern Counties, popularly called "The Grand Allies," were long the leading spirits. The association consisted of the Russells of Brancepeth, now represented by Lord Boyne, the Brandlings of Gosforth and the Felling, Lords Ravensworth, Strathmore, and Wharncliffe, Matthew Bell of Woolsington, and some others. They were owners of the most noted collieries in the North, the produce of which had always brought the highest price in the London market; and this enabled them virtually to dictate terms to all the rest.

Wallsend Colliery, which had been sunk by the Chap-

* The compact styled the "Limitation of the Vend" has been thus explained:—The plan was to apportion among the different collieries the quantity which was to be raised and sold, with reference to the probable immediate market demand. The several interests of the Tyne and Wear were watched over by their several representatives. The principal proprietors fixed the minimum price at which they would sell their coal, and the remaining owners acceded to their conditions. A committee met at Newcastle twice a month, and there issued its mandates, which all were bound to obey. The probable demand for each succeeding fortnight was calculated on the average price in the London market during the fortnight previous. If this had been higher than the price fixed by the coalowners, permission was given to each member of the association to raise a larger quantity of coal, or vice versa, according to a pre-determined scale.

mans about 1777, bore the bell for two generations. The area to which it gave its name, cut off from the rest of the Northumberland Coal Field by the Ninety Fathom Dyke, was the birthplace and nursery of Northern coal mining. Its sole output was household coal—the only description of much value before the general introduction of steam. The Wallsend estate comprised nearly twelve hundred acres, and the coal raised from it was admittedly the finest in the world. It was purchased in 1781 by William Russell, an enterprising timber merchant in Sunderland. This gentleman, who was the second son of the Squire of Rowenlands, in Cumberland, had commenced life with £20,000—an immense sum at that time. His first investment in land was at Newbottle, near the centre of the North Durham Coal Field; his next, we believe, was at Wallsend. Under his spirited management, "Russell's Wallsend" became a familiar commodity at the uttermost ends of the earth, and brought its owner vast wealth, making him one of the richest commoners in England. He subsequently bought the estate of Brancepeth, also rich in coal and other minerals. William's son Matthew rebuilt Brancepeth Castle. Another William, grandson of the first William, represented the county of Durham in three successive Parliaments. When he died without male issue in 1850, the estates passed to Viscount Boyne, Gustavus Frederick John James Hamilton (the husband of his only sister, Emma Maria), who assumed, by Royal license, the name of Russell, after that of his Scoto-Irish ancestors, and the arms of Russell, quarterly. The Brancepeth, Boyne, Brandon, and neighbouring collieries, leased from Lord Boyne by Messrs. Straker and Love, Messrs. Pease and Partners, and others, produce that excellent description of coal which used formerly to be known as "Brancepeth Wallsend." Other sorts identified by the family name are Russell's High Main, Russell's Hetton Wallsend, Russell's Lyons Wallsend, Russell's Harraton, &c.

The viewers and managers of Wallsend were the Buddles, father and son, both men of great administrative ability, and the latter so skilful and originative as a mining engineer as to have merited the title of the George Stephenson of colliery work. It is not too much to affirm that the subsequent prosperity of the place, which has given a name to all the household coals of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, was in a great measure owing to the intelligent and indefatigable exertions of the elder Buddle, who was the son of a schoolmaster at Kyo, near Tanfield. When he died, in 1806, his son, who had for some years been his assistant, succeeded him, and, it must be confessed, fairly outdid him, being, like the famous Cooper of Fogo, "his father's better." Before his time, little more than half the coal in any mine had been worked, the remainder being left in "pillars" to support the roof and so ventilate the pit. But Mr. Buddle conceived and carried out the idea of

dividing the whole area into minor districts, defended from each other by thick barriers of coal, and ventilated by distinct currents of air, so that, in the event of a "creep" happening in one district, it was effectually prevented from spreading beyond its fixed boundary. The advantages of this system were the getting out of nearly all the coal, uninjured by crush or creep, and a great saving of expense, by curtailing the quantity of waste or dead mine, otherwise needing to be aired and travelled. It was brought into successful operation at Wallsend about the year 1811.

The manors of North Gosforth and Felling came into the possession of Sir Robert Brandling, five times Mayor of Newcastle, in 1509, through his marriage with Ann, co-heir of the ancient family of Surtees, who had held them for upwards of four centuries. Charles Brandling, one of his descendants, won Felling Colliery in 1779. Charles's eldest son and heir, Charles John Brandling, who, like his father, represented Northumberland in Parliament for many years, was, upon the whole, the most dashing of the Grand Allies. He commenced sinking Gosforth Colliery in 1825, and the coal was won on the last day of January, 1829. Great expense was incurred in the undertaking, from the intersection of the great Ninety Fathom Dyke. The quality of the coal was so deteriorated by the proximity of the dyke that it became necessary to sink the shaft perpendicularly to a depth of 181 fathoms, in order to come at the level of the lower range of the seam. In this work many of the succeeding seams were passed through, and all were found to be more or less shattered, and singularly placed at a higher level than the High Main, which, geologically, they underlie. On reaching the requisite depth, a horizontal drift, 700 yards long, was worked in the solid rock, through the face of the dyke to the seam of coal that was sought a little above its junction with the disturbing medium. So remarkable a winning deserved a remarkable celebration of its attainment. Mr. Brandling and his partners gave a grand subterranean ball !

The ball-room was situated at a depth of nearly 1,100 feet below the earth's surface, and was in the shape of the letter L, the width being fifteen feet, the base twenty-two feet, and the perpendicular height forty-eight feet. Seats were placed round the sides of the ball-room, the floor was dried and flagged, and the whole place brilliantly illuminated with candles and lamps. The company began to assemble and descend in appropriate dresses about half-past nine in the morning, and continued to arrive till one in the afternoon. The men engaged in the work, their wives and daughters and sweethearts, several neighbours with their wives, the proprietors and agents with their wives, and sundry friends of both sexes who had courage to avail themselves of the privilege; all these gradually found their way to the bottom of the shaft. Immediately on their arrival there they proceeded to the extremity of the drift, to the face of the coal, where each person hewed a piece of coal as a memento of the visit, and then returned to the ball-room. As soon as a sufficient number of guests had assembled dancing commenced, and was continued without intermission till three o'clock in the afternoon. No distinction was made among the guests, and born and bred ladies joined in a general dance with born and bred pitmen's daughters. All now returned

in safety, and in nice, clean, and well-lined baskets, to the upper regions, delighted with the manner in which they had spent the day. It was estimated that between two and three hundred persons were present, and nearly one-half of them were females.

A younger brother of Mr. Brandling's, William Robert Brandling, of Low Gosforth, barrister-at-law, was the projector of the Brandling Junction Railway. In the Parliamentary session of 1835, an Act was obtained for "enabling John Brandling [another brother] and Robert William Brandling to purchase or lease lands for the formation of a railway from Gateshead to South Shields and Monkwearmouth"; and a company, with a capital of £110,000, in £50 shares, was formed for the purpose of carrying the scheme into effect. The first turf was cut at the Felling, in the presence of Mr. R. W. Brandling and a number of friends, on the 3rd August, 1836; and the first cargo of coals, from Andrew's House Colliery, was carried along the line, and shipped at South Shields, on the 20th of July, 1840. On this occasion a party of the directors and their friends returned to Newcastle in seventy waggons and carriages, being the largest train that had ever been seen in the North. The Monkwearmouth branch had been opened in the previous year, when the trip from Gateshead, with passengers and goods, was performed in forty-six minutes, which was thought a wonderful feat.

"The last of the long roll of Brandlings of Gosforth"—the Rev. Ralph Henry Brandling, vicar of Rothwell, county of York, and perpetual curate of Castle Eden, Durham—succeeded his brother Charles John in the family estates. But there seems to have been imperative reasons why the estates should be dispersed; and they were accordingly sold by auction, at the Queen's Head Inn, Newcastle, by order of the Court of Chancery, in October, 1852: Mr. Alderman Fairbrother, of London, acting as auctioneer. Amongst the principal lots were:—

The manor of North and South Gosforth, 790 acres in extent, comprising the mansion of Gosforth House and its extensive pleasure-grounds, which was bought by Mr. T. Smith for £25,200; Low Gosforth estate, 287 acres, with the mansion, &c., was purchased by Mr. Joseph Laycock for £20,100; Seaton Burn House, Six-Mile Bridge Farm, and Coxlodge Farm, 510 acres, were sold to Mr. Riddell Robson for £24,800; High and Low Weetdale, Wideopen, and Brunton Farms, 1,313 acres, were knocked down to Mr. Smith for £46,150; South Gosforth Farm, 281 acres, was bought by Mr. William Dunn for £19,300. Gosforth and Coxlodge Collieries and royalties, and a few other lots, were withdrawn; but the total proceeds of the sale fetched £155,620, exclusive of the timber. The biddings for the property reserved amounted to £106,920.

The Coxlodge, Fawdon, Denton, and Dinnington royalties were subsequently purchased by Mr. Joshua Bower, of Leeds; and in 1873 the whole of them were sold by Mr. Bower to Messrs. Lambert and Co. Gosforth Colliery, again, was bought by Charles Mark Palmer, now Sir C. M. Palmer, on behalf of the firm of Messrs. John Bowes and Co. The Rev. R. H. Brand-

ling died in Newcastle in his eighty-second year, in July, 1853; and his only son, Colonel John Brandling, died at Middleton, near Leeds, aged 58, in June, 1856—thus closing the genealogical roll.

The next great territorial magnate among the Grand Allies was the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Baron Ravensworth. He entered into partnership with the Brandlings and Russells, Lords Wharncliffe and Strathmore, Matthew Bell, of Woolington, and others, as aforesaid, and superintended for many years the extensive and lucrative business in the coal trade which was carried on by them in virtual partnership. Lord Ravensworth (then Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Bart., his elevation to the peerage not having taken place till 1821) was singularly privileged with regard to the chief persons in his employment. One of these was that distinguished colliery viewer and mining engineer Nicholas Wood, whose long and active life was almost all devoted to the discovery and carrying out of practical improvements in connection with mining operations. Born in a farm-house on the banks of Stanley Burn, near Bradley Hall, and educated at Winlaton, he came, while yet only a lad, under Sir Thomas Henry's notice, that gentleman, who was his father's landlord and friend, discovering the uncommon abilities he was endowed with. In April, 1811, when he was about seventeen years of age, his appreciative patron sent him to Killingworth Colliery, of which he was part owner, to learn the business of a viewer. The afterwards still more celebrated George Stephenson, whose birthplace was within a mile of his, on the other side of the Tyne, was at this time brakesman at the neighbouring colliery of West Moor, where he had already attracted notice by his ingenious mechanical contrivances; and almost immediately after young Wood had entered upon his apprenticeship, Stephenson became directing engineer of the Killingworth High Pit, to which he was promoted in consequence of the skill he had displayed in rendering the pumping engine of the pit effective, when several other engineers had failed. The intelligent youngster was irresistibly attracted to Stephenson, of whom he soon became the intimate friend and confidant. His name will ever occupy a prominent place on the honourable role of eminent men to whom mankind generally, but the people of the great North-Eastern Coal Field in especial, are indebted for countless blessings.

Sir Henry Thomas Liddell married, in 1796, Maria Susannah, daughter of John Simpson, of Bradley, and granddaughter maternally of Thomas, eighth Earl of Strathmore, whose wife was Jane Nicholson, daughter and heiress of James Nicholson, of West Rainton. The Ravensworth and Strathmore interests were thus in a manner conjoined. Other family alliances favoured the formation of the Grand Alliance. Thus, in the year 1767, John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, married Mary

Eleanor, only child of George Bowes, of Streatlam Castle and Gibside, and assumed thereupon, by Act of Parliament, the surname of Bowes. He came into possession, in right of his wife, of her father's vast property in the North, Miss Bowes being, as the "Annual Register" informs us, "the richest heiress in Europe, her fortune being one million and forty thousand pounds, besides a great jointure on the death of her mother, and a large estate on the demise of an uncle." The eldest son of this wealthy pair, John Bowes, who succeeded his father as tenth Earl of Strathmore in 1776, and was enrolled among the peers of the United Kingdom in 1815 by the title of Baron Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, became one of the chief magnates of the great coal ring. He married, in 1820, Miss Mary Milner, of Staindrop, but died two days after his nuptials, and with him the English barony expired, and the Scottish estates passed, with the Scotch title of Earl, to his younger brother Thomas. But the whole of the Durham property was bequeathed by him, in his last will, to his nephew, John Bowes, who continued firm to the alliance. Mr. Bowes sat as member for the Southern Division of his native county in four successive Parliaments, and spent upwards of thirty thousand pounds in two of the elections, which were very hotly contested. The mining property of himself and partners comprised the Marley Hill, Andrew's House, Byermoor, Burnopfield, Pontop, Kibblesworth, Springwell, and other collieries. Some of the workings date as far back as the year 1600, but several of the pits are comparatively modern, dating from about 1826, when the adoption of the locomotive principle of traction on railways led to the opening out of the lower seams, the value of which began to be fully known only about 1840. The four collieries of Killingworth, Gosforth, Seaton Burn, and Dinnington Winning, form another section of the mineral property of John Bowes, C. M. Palmer, and Co., the area belonging to or leased by the firm, under this section, being 3,242 acres.

Another of the conspicuous Grand Allies was James Archibald Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, second son of the second son of John, third Earl of Bute, who married Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, of Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, afterwards created a peeress, as Baroness Mountstuart, and vested, as her father's sole heir, in great estates in both Yorkshire and Cornwall. Her grandson, above named, but commonly known as Stuart Wortley, represented the county of York for several years in the House of Commons, and was raised to the peerage in 1826, as Baron Wharncliffe. He had shares in the Killingworth and other collieries along with Lords Ravensworth and Strathmore, and other partners, and took an active steering hand in the management of their joint concerns. It is perhaps worth noting, that his family seat, Wortley Hall, on the banks of the river Don, near the old turnpike road between Sheffield and Halifax, was an occasional residence of the celebrated Lady Mary

Wortley Montagu, and is also identified as the scene of the well-known mock antique ballad of "The Dragon of Wantley."

Matthew Bell, of Woolsington, brother-in-law of Mr. C. J. Brandling, of Gosforth House, whose sister, Sarah Frances, he married in 1792, comes next on our list. He was owner, in whole or in part, of a number of collieries, some of them only worked for landsale, others for export, and several now exhausted. One of the most valuable was at Coxlodge. His son and heir, likewise named Matthew, married the only child and heiress of Henry Utrick Reay, of Killingworth, and thereby came into possession of some more mining property. He represented, first, the county of Northumberland, and, after the Reform era, the southern division, from 1826, when he succeeded Mr. Brandling, down till 1852. He was virtually launched into public life when but eighteen years old, on his father's death in 1811; and during the whole of his long career (he died in 1871 in his 79th year), he was one of the most popular as well as one of the most prominent country gentlemen in the North.

The Messrs. Grace and partners, owners of Walker Colliery, were members, we believe, of the Grand Alliance; and so, if we mistake not, was Mr. Bigge, of Little Benton, father of the late Rev. J. F. Bigge, vicar of Stamfordham. Another once famous colliery of the system was Percy Main, near North Shields. Many of these Tyneside pits were eventually filled with water, or "drowned out"; and to empty them by means of pumping, so as to recover the valuable coal which is still left in them, has taxed the ingenuity of our best engineers and lightened the purses of some of our wealthiest citizens, being an undertaking almost rivalling in magnitude and importance the drying up, by a similar process, of the Dutch polders.

The monopoly was brought to an end in 1845, railway competition being the chief compelling cause. There have been, since that time, several abortive attempts to regulate the vend, and a number of companies have been formed, with more or less success, on the model of the Grand Allies; but, while some of these, such as the North of England Coal Mining Company, expended the whole of their large capital, and nearly as much more, in unlucky adventures, and others, like the South Hetton Coal Company, encountered the most provoking engineering difficulties before they at length won success, none of them ever exceeded the profits, or equalled the fame, of the Grand Allies.

Deodands.

DEODAND is a term given to a personal chattel which was the immediate cause of the death of a rational creature, and which therefore was forfeited to the Crown or lord of the manor, though the chattel was generally released on payment of a fine. I have copied two local instances from the Castle Eden Registers:—

"Mem. On Tuesday, the 20th day of August, A.D. 1776, a bay mare, belonging to George Atkinson, of North Leazes Farm, in this manor and parish, having in a certain field, called the High Severals, in this manor, by a kick or stroke given to John Horden, occasioned his death, the said mare was this day seized by Rowland Burdon, Esquire, lord of the manor of Castle Eden, as a deodand, and the said George Atkinson having petitioned the said Rowland Burdon to restore him his said mare, he, the said Rowland Burdon, did graciously consent thereto on payment of one shilling, which was paid in our presence, and the said mare was thereupon restored. As witness our hands, August 28, 1776.

"JOHN TODD, Minister.

"WILLIAM HARDING, Churchwarden."

"Be it remembered that on the 25th day of October, 1836, Pickering Cragges, landlord of the Railway Tavern in Castle Eden, was, in consequence of slipping his foot and falling, run over by a wheel of the Thornley locomotive engine, then passing along the Hartlepool Railway, near to the said tavern, which injured him so much that he died the same evening. That on the 27th day of the same month the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and fixed a deodand of one shilling upon the said wheel, which was claimed by and given to the poor by Rowland Burdon as Lord of the Manor."

R. B.

A Laird of the North Countree.

LAIRD is a well-known title all over the Borders and in the South of Scotland for a landowner, and answers pretty nearly to the word squire as formerly used in England. The term, of frequent occurrence in Scottish literature, is well known to readers of Scott and Burns. Then there is the old rhyme:—

A knight of Cales (Calais),
A squire of Wales,
A laird of the North Countree :
A yeoman of Kent
With his yearly rent
Would buy them out all three.

Mr. Thomas Robson, the last Laird of Falstone of that name, who died at a mature age some forty years ago, was a worthy man of the old school, well known all over North Tyne by his territorial designation. He was a bachelor; and his sister, Miss Robson, was the mistress of his household, where an old-fashioned hospitality prevailed. Miss Robson, whose name was Mary, was generally known as "Mally o' Fäästean." A brother named John also lived with them, and acted as steward or overseer of the estate, which the laird farmed himself. The property lay on both sides of the Tyne, extending to the moorlands on the north and south. On

the south side, where the laird "marched" with Smale, there were frequent disputes between the shepherds of the two farms, because of the trespassing of their flocks beyond the boundary line, which was not fenced. This trespassing, sometimes wilful, led to quarrels, and sometimes to blows. "Johnny o' Fäästean," in one of these encounters, was so severely mauled by the enemy, and his head was so much swollen, that he was compelled to trudge home with his hat in his hand.

The house at Falstone where the laird lived had formerly been one of the Border peel towers, with its thick walls and arches over the lower storey. There is a large kitchen, in which the laird used to sit ready to receive and chat with all comers. And the wandering beggars always had a night's lodging in an outhouse, with a supper and breakfast of "crowdie," at Falstone.

At Mr. Robson's death the estate descended to his nephew, Thomas Ridley, whose mother, a widow, kept the Falstone inn, the Black Cock. He was a bachelor, and acted as parish clerk. In his uncle's lifetime he assisted in the work of the farm. A man of delicate health, he did not live long to enjoy his property. He was succeeded by his brother John, also a bachelor, and past middle age when he came to the estate. He, however, married when he was old, and at his death left a widow and an infant daughter, who, I believe, now owns the Falstone property, but does not live upon it.

The farm has for some time past been occupied by Mr. Fergus Robson, who came of a worthy Tynedale stock. His father, Adam Robson, of Emmethaugh, was a highly respectable man, a rigid Presbyterian, an elder of the kirk, and for that reason was generally known as "Yeddie the Elder."

Before coming to Falstone Mr. Fergus Robson lived long at Aikenshaw, or Oakenshaw, Burn, amidst the moorland solitudes between North Tyne and Liddesdale. Yet this place, scarcely known to any but shepherds and grouse shooters, has recently been made famous by one of the sweetest singers of the Victorian era—A. C. Swinburne, whose grandfather, Sir John Swinburne, owned a wide area of land in the district. In the recently published "Poems and Ballads," Third Series, by A. C. Swinburne, by far the best piece in the collection is "A Jacobite's Exile, 1746." In that poem these lines occur:—

O, lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
And loud the dark Durance ;
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
Than a' the fields of France ;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
Gleam goodlier where they glance.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,
The burn rins blithe and fain ;
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again.

On Keilder side the wind blows wide :
There sounds nae hunting horn
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born.

How few people even in Northumberland who read this beautiful poem will know where to find Aikenshaw Burn. It is one of the affluents of the Lewis Burn, which joins North Tyne nearly opposite Plashett's Station. In a letter written in 1536 by Lord Eure to Cardinal Wolsey respecting the Tynedale freebooters, Lewis Burn is described as "a marvellous strong grounde of woodes and waters." The freebooters are gone, and the woods also. But the waters still flow on and the burn still runs "blithe and fair" as Swinburne saw it in his youth.

T. D. R.

Derwentwater, Keswick, and Grange.

KESWICK may be regarded as the metropolis of the English Lake District. The cheerful little town consists of two or three considerable streets, the houses being of stone and generally well built. In the outskirts there are numerous villas and hotels, many of which occupy delightful situations.



GRETA HALL.

The place is best known for its black lead pencils, which are made in large quantities, although the supply of the celebrated mineral (or "wad," as the inhabitants call it) has ceased, the mines in Borrowdale having been, it is supposed, exhausted. It was feared at one time that inferior pencils made in Germany and shipped to England would destroy the trade; but the astute Cumbrians quickly changed their tactics, and, producing wood and varnish of equal quality to the Teuton manufacturers, overcame them in the markets by the quality of the lead. The total number of lead pencils made in one year is about 13,000,000, whilst the number of hands employed of both sexes, including children, is about 200,

the gross amount of wages paid annually being nearly £4,000. It may be mentioned that most of the lead now used is imported from Mexico and Peru.

Keswick was once celebrated for its woollen trade; but a "rune," cut into a flagstone,

May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keawick and its woollen trade,

lately occupied a position in some part of a pencil manufactory. There are no woollen mills in the town now.

Some of the old writers took an unfavourable view of Keswick. Leland calls it "a lytle poore market town." Camden, in more gracious mood, refers to it as "a small market town, many years famous for the copper works, as appears from a charter of King Edward IV., and at present inhabited by miners." A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1751, stated that "the poorer inhabitants of Keswick subsist chiefly by stealing, or clandestinely buying off those that steal, the black lead, which they sell to Jews or other hawkers." Hutchinson, hardly less severe, avers that "Keswick is but a mean village."

The miners of Keswick in the old time would most probably be employed at the Newland mines, which were discovered in Queen Elizabeth's time by Thomas Thurland and Daniel Hatchett, the latter a German from Augsburg. A lawsuit took place between her Majesty and Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland,



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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

the lord of the manor, which ended in favour of Queen Bess and her prerogative, because more silver and gold than copper, it is stated, was found; the royal minerals belonged to her, and the less precious metal to the Percy.

Another industry, which deserves to flourish, has lately been commenced in Keswick. This is beaten metal of artistic design. The new industry has been practically introduced by Mrs. Rawnsley, wife of the Vicar of Crosthwaite, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

There are few public buildings of any moment in Keswick. The town hall is an unpretentious erection, where eggs and butter are sold at the Saturday market. This privilege dates from the time of Edward I., and was obtained for the town at the instance of Sir John de Derwentwater, the then lord of the manor. Certain fairs for cattle, cheese, and hirings, are held at different times of the year. The old Morlan fair which gave rise to the proverb,

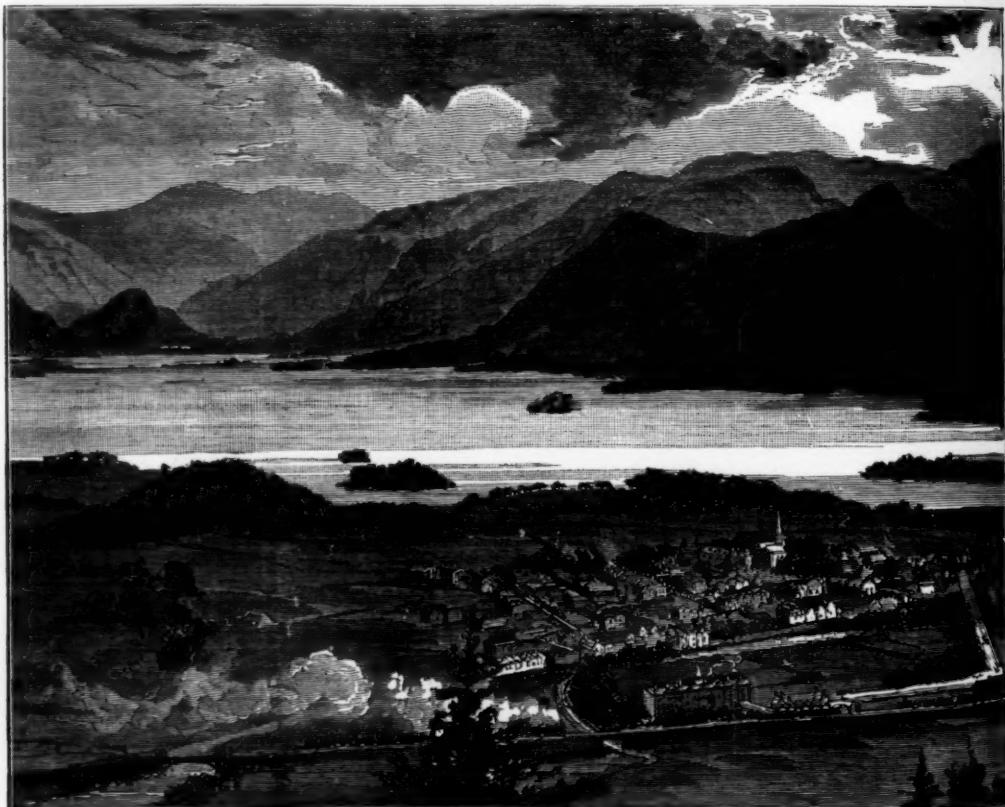
Morlan fluid
Ne'er did guid,

has long since been numbered with events of the past.

The floods in the neighbourhood are sometimes very serious, and Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite Lake are not unfrequently joined together. During a Morlan-flood a local clergyman was drowned at High Hill. Morlan is from Maudlin, a corruption of Magdalen. An object of interest in the town hall is the old bell upon which the clock strikes, which has the date 1001 and the letters H. D. R. O. carved upon it. It was brought from Lord's Island, and is supposed to have been a curfew bell. In three establishments in Keswick may be seen models of the Lake District, which are of great assistance to tourists.

A short distance outside Keswick is Greta Hall, once the residence of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. It is a beautiful retreat, and commands delightful prospects. Here he wrote most of those works which gained for him so high a position in the literary world of his day. Southey breathed his last moments at Greta Hall in 1843, having resided there for some thirty years. The murmuring Greta flows past Southey's house, and the banks of the stream were favourite haunts of the poet.

Crossing Greta Bridge from Keswick, we come to the



KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER, FROM LATRIGG.

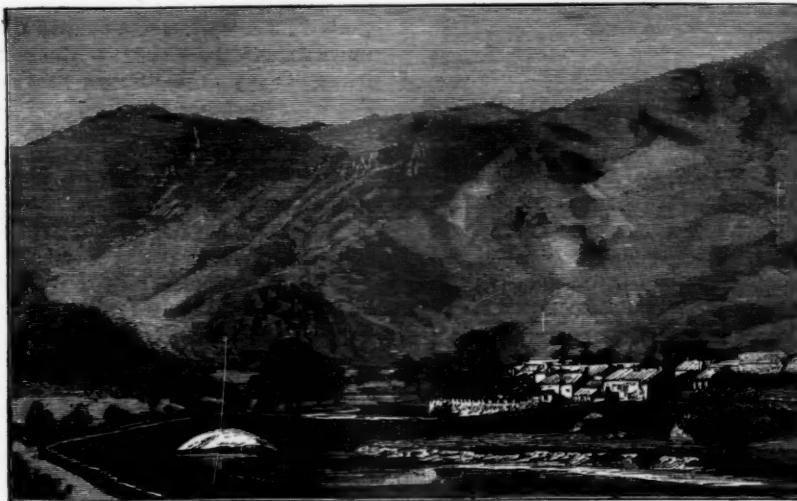
old village of Crossthwaite, and the parish church, dedicated to St. Mungo, or St. Kentigern, which lie at the base of Skiddaw. The edifice is large, with heavy buttresses and battlements, and a massive tower. It was restored in 1845 by Mr. James Stanger, of Lairthwaite, at a cost of £4,000. Amongst its ancient monuments is one of Sir John Ratcliffe, who led the Cumberland men to Flodden Field, an ancestor of the Earl of Derwentwater, and Dame Alice, his wife, recumbent, in alabaster. The font is curious, and bears the arms of Edward III. The devices on it represent the Tree of Knowledge, the Passion, the Trinity, Aaron's Rod, &c. Perhaps the most important object in the church is the monument to Southeby by the Tyneside sculptor, John Graham Lough, the epitaph on which was written by Wordsworth. The vicarage at Crossthwaite was the birthplace of Mrs. Lynn Linton, the celebrated novelist. The present vicar is an earnest student of Lake literature, and himself a poet of deserved fame.

Derwentwater, sometimes called Keswick Lake, and by the natives Daaran, is a compendium of most of the Lake District. It is unnecessary here to enter into comparisons with the other lakes; but it may be briefly stated that it is the most beautiful of them all on account of the variety afforded by its wooded islands, the charm of the adjacent valleys, and the grandeur of its surrounding mountains. Three miles in length, and over one mile in breadth at its widest part, it partakes less of the character of a broad river than Windermere or Ulleswater. Derwentwater is remarkable for the clearness and placidity its water, which reflects all the neighbouring objects like a mirror. But there are times when the lake is lashed into fury by storms; then woe betide the occu-

pant of any frail boat that may be floating upon its bosom. Not long since a young Newcastle man named William Henry Porter came thus to an untimely end. Trout, perch, pike, &c., abound in the lake. Attempts have been made to naturalise the char, but without success. Sometimes a bright, silvery fish, with heart-shaped brain in a translucent skull, and with a mouth devoid of teeth, is found in a dying state, floating on the surface of the water. It is supposed to be the vendace, which until recently was thought to exist only in the Castle Loch of Lochmaben, in Annandale.

Several islands and islets adorn Derwentwater. That nearest to Keswick is Derwent Island, or Vicar's Island. It is well wooded, is about six acres in extent, and has a mansion on it. This island formerly belonged to Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire. St. Herbert's Island is about a mile and a quarter from the Keswick shore, and near the centre of the lake. Here dwelt a hermit named Herbert who maintained a loving correspondence with St. Cuthbert of Durham. The recluse of the island died about A.D. 687. Tradition relates that St. Herbert and St. Cuthbert died at the same hour.

Lord's Island derives its name from its having been in the possession of the Earls of Derwentwater, whose residence was erected thereon, with materials obtained from a stronghold on Castle Rigg, an adjacent eminence. But the family relinquished the mansion when they went to reside at Dilston, in Northumberland. The island was formerly a peninsula, but was severed from the main land by a deep, wide fosse, spanned by a drawbridge. The foundations of the walls and the walks and gardens can yet be traced. Almost all the land on the north-east of the lake belonged to the Derwentwater family until



VILLAGE OF GRANGE, BORROWDALE.

1715, when it was forfeited to the Crown. (See p. 1, *ante*.) The Derwentwater estates were then transferred to the trustees of the Greenwich Hospital. A hollow in Wallow (or Walla) Crag, on the east of Derwentwater, is still known as the Lady's Rake, from the circumstance that the wife of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater is said to have escaped to it with the family jewels at the time of her husband's capture.

The floating island of Derwentwater and the cascade of Lodore have already been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See pp. 64, 500, vol. iii.)

Our view of Derwentwater is taken from Latrigg Fell, to the north of Keswick, which lies at the feet of the spectator. The rounded eminence seen in the middle distance to the left is Castlehead or Castlet, near which are Lord's Island and the islet of Rampaholm. St. Herbert's Island is in the centre of the lake. The peak to the right is Catbell; and the lesser eminence to the left of the view at the entrance to Borrowdale is Castle Crag. Among the mountains seen in the extreme distance are Scawfell and Glaramara.

A short distance from the head of Derwentwater, and in the very "jaws of Borrowdale," is the hamlet of Grange. It is a favourite subject with artists, the combination of wood and water, bridge and mountain, being of a striking character. The name is derived from the fact that it was there that the monks of Furness, who had considerable landed possessions in the neighbourhood, stored their grain. Near to Grange there is a remarkably fine echo. Some of the cottages in this neighbourhood are ancient.

Our drawings of Greta Hall, Grange, and Derwentwater are taken from photographs by Mr. Pettit, of Keswick.

William the Lion, King of Scots.



HE exact limits of England and Scotland were for a long time undetermined. Northumberland as far as the Tyne, as well as Cumberland, was as often under Scottish as under English rule, while, on the other hand, the basin of the Tweed and its tributaries, and even Lothian, were during more than one prosperous Southern and feeble Northern reign reckoned part of England.

On the accession, in the year 1165, of William the Lion to the Scottish throne, that monarch was resolved to prosecute his claim to what he deemed his ancestral inheritance lying southward of the Tweed and Solway, forfeited in a previous reign; and Henry II. of England, being then at war with his rebellious vassals on the Continent, soothed him with fair promises to end all disputes as to territory as soon as he should have leisure to attend to the matter. But seven years elapsed, and William got no

redress. Irritated at this delay, he responded to an application made by King Henry's sons, who had risen in rebellion against their father. William laid the case before his baronage, in plenary Parliament assembled, so as to get their advice. The Earl of Fife counselled his liege lord to demand his rights from King Henry "without any subterfuge," and then, if the demand were acceded to, to go to his succour with all speed against his sons. Messengers were accordingly sent off to King Henry, then in Normandy, offering that, if he would fulfil his promise, King William would forthwith assist him with a thousand knights armed, and thirty thousand "unarmed," that is, not sheathed in mail, who, he guaranteed, "would give his Highness's enemies wonderful trouble." Henry, it seems, was not apprehensive at that juncture of anything that his sons or the King of France or the Count of Flanders could do against him; and so gave the Scotch ambassador a somewhat saucy answer, reported to be of the following tenor:—

You ask me for my land as your inheritance,
As if I were imprisoned as a bird in a cage;
I am neither a fugitive from the land nor become a savage,
But I am King of England in the plains and the woods;
I will not give you through my need, in this first stage,
Any increase of land. This is my message,
But I shall see whether you will show me love and friend-
ship,

How you will behave, foolish or wise,
And act accordingly.

Incensed by this reply, William at once resolved to invade England. Engelram, Bishop of Glasgow, Waltheof, Earl of Dunbar, and others, tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Determining in the first place to take the castle of Wark-on-Tweed, he mustered his forces at a place on the Tweed called Caldonie, now Caddonlee, in Selkirkshire, between Galashiels and Innerleithen, famous of late years for its extensive vineeries. There were assembled Highlanders from Ross and Cromarty, Lochaber, Badenoch, Strathspey, Mar, Athol, Appin, Lorn, Breadalbane, Angus, and the Lennox; Lowlanders from Moray, Buchan, Formartine, the Mearns, Strathmore, Gowry, Fife, and the Lothians; West-Countrymen from Lanark, Renfrew, Cunningham, Kyle, and Carrick; South-Countrymen from the Merse and Teviotdale, Tweeddale, Ettrick Forest, Eskdale, Liddesdale, Annandale, and Nithdale; and Galwegians from the Stewartry, the Machars, and the Rinnis, "men almost naked, but fleet and remarkably bold, armed with small knives at their left sides, and javelins in their hands which they could throw to a great distance, and setting up, when they went to fight, a long lance." There were also a stout band of Flemish auxiliaries, fully equipped. More than three thousand barons, knights, squires, and men-at-arms, clad in ring-armour, and so many "naked people" that the chronicler hesitates to enumerate them, followed the Scottish lion-rampant on this campaign, the first in which it was hoisted.

Crossing the river Tweed by one or other of the numerous fords, William arrived before Wark, and summoned

the constable, Roger d'Estuteville, to render up the castle. But Roger, "who never liked treason nor to serve the devil," was not disposed to do so till he should be driven to extremity. Feeling his powerlessness against so great a host, the like of which, says Joseph Fantosme, Chancellor of the Diocese of Winchester, who wrote a metrical account of the events, "came not out of Scotland since the days of Elias," Roger begged for a forty days' truce, so that he might send beyond the sea his "letters upon wax" to get assistance from King Henry, if possible. The King of Scots granted his request, and meanwhile determined to make his way through Northumberland. Hugh de Pudsey, the warlike and turbulent Bishop of Durham, the late King Stephen's nephew, either indifferent to the quarrel or favourable on the whole to the invader, sent messengers to say that he wished to remain at peace or neutral, and that neither from him nor his should the Scots have any disturbance, if they only made no ravages nor spoliation on their march through St. Cuthbert's patrimony.

So "the great host of Albany," as Fantosme designates it, came away from North Durham direct to Alnwick; but, being apparently without siege apparatus, and William de Vesci, illegitimate son of the lord of that castle, who had been entrusted by his father with the command, being resolutely determined to hold out so long as his provisions should last, William incontinently marched onward, past Warkworth Castle, "pillaging and destroying the land next the sea, not leaving an ox to draw a plough behind him," but not deigning to stop at Warkworth, "for weak was the castle, the wall, and the trench," so he thought he might safely leave it in his rear. Arrived before Newcastle, the lord of which, Roger Fitz Richard, replied to his summons with a taunt of proud defiance, William soon saw, unless he could starve the garrison out, or bribe some of the subalterns, he was not at all likely to get possession of the place; and so he turned aside, up the rich valley of the Tyne, his people "overrunning all the country like heather." Prudhoe Castle, defended by Odonel de Umfraville, was left in the meantime intact, though William had sworn to give Odonel no terms nor respite, wishing that, if he did, he might be "cursed, excommunicated by priest, with bell, book, and candle, shamed and discomfited." Carlisle was next beleaguered. But its valiant commander, Robert de Vaulx, well seconded by John Fitz Odard, defended the place resolutely, though their assailants, "if Fantosme does not lie" (this is his own expression), exceeded forty thousand. The invaders, however, broke open the churches and committed great robberies wherever they went throughout Cumberland, so that the land, which had been "full of property, was now spoiled and destitute of all riches, there being no drink but spring water, where they used to have beer every day in the week."

But news being brought King William that a powerful

English army, under Richard de Lucy and Humphrey de Bohun, was advancing northwards to repel the invasion, his counsellors, with some difficulty, got him persuaded that it would be best to retire for a while to their own country with the booty they had secured; and he accordingly marched slowly and moodily homeward, spreading wreck and ruin wherever he went. For "never was there a country, from here to the passes of Spain," says Joseph Fantosme, who was himself an eye-witness to the devastation, "once so fruitful in soil and so plenisched with people, now so wofully harried as these North Countries are."

Still determined to vindicate his claims, William again crossed the border in the beginning of April, 1174, with a large army, composed of Flemish auxiliaries, horse and foot, as well as of Scottish soldiers, both Lowland and Highland, estimated to be in all eighty thousand strong, though this may be an exaggeration. Dividing his forces, for commissariat as well as other good reasons, he directed his brother, Earl David, to march straight through the heart of the country, and co-operate with the rebellious Earls of Leicester and Ferrers, Earl Hugh de Bigod, Lord Roger of Mowbray, and other malcontent barons, who were then in Norfolk and thereabouts, "setting the land on fire," at the head of a strong body of Flemings. Earl David, says the chronicler, "in England warred very well." "Whatever may be said of him," adds he, "he was a most gentle warrior, so God bless me. For never by him was robbed holy church or abbey, and none under his orders would have injured a priest or canon who knew grammar, and no man would be displeased on any account." He carried off, notwithstanding this courtesy to the religious of both sexes, "such a booty as seemed to him very fine." But his royal brother, though as brave as he, did not fare so well. He again invested Wark Castle, but with as little success as before. Then he prepared at night a great number of chevaliers, and immediately despatched them to the castle of Bamborough, on the way whither they committed all sorts of atrocities, sacking the town of Belford, burning villages, hamlets, and farm-onsteads, emptying the cattle pens and sheep-folds, surprising the men asleep in their beds, leading them off prisoners "in their cords like heathen people," and ravishing the women, who fled to the nearest churches, "naked without clothes."

After suffering the loss of many men before Wark, William went away, "with his great gathered host, towards Carlisle the fair, the strong garrisoned city," where Roger de Vaulx still held the chief command. But the place being as bravely defended as before, he left part of his army to carry on the siege, and employed the rest of it in subduing and wasting the neighbouring lands belonging to the English king and the barons faithful to him. He took the castle of Liddel, at the confluence of the Lid and the Esk, and those of Brough and Appleby in Westmoreland, as well as those of Warkworth and Har-

bottle in Northumberland. Then he returned to Carlisle; and, having continued the siege until the provisions of the garrison began to fail, De Vaulx agreed to surrender the place at the following Michaelmas, if he should not in the interval receive succour from the English king. William next marched from Carlisle to Prudhoe, where he met with a brave resistance, which gave time to the lord of the castle, Odonel de Umfraville, to collect a considerable force, on the approach of which William raised the siege of Prudhoe, and retired once more towards his own country, burning and wasting by the way whatever had yet been left, and sanctioning the most horrid barbarities by the wild Galloway men as they passed Warkworth, where three priests in the church were shockingly mutilated, and several hundred men were massacred in cold blood, besides women and children. (See page 28.)

With a third part of his army, William himself now blockaded Alnwick, while the other two-thirds were employed in pillaging and laying waste the adjoining territory. One chronicler says the king remained at Alnwick with no more than his domestics or guards (*cum privata familia sua*), and that William de Vesci's people, aware of this, gave their friends outside such intelligence of his unguarded situation as encouraged William d'Esteville, Ranulph de Glanville, Ralph de Tilly, Bernard de Baliol, and Odonel de Umfraville, to form the project of surprising him in his quarters. For this purpose, having set out with four hundred horse, at the dawn of day, from Newcastle, they marched with such speed that before five they arrived in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. A thick fog had covered their march, but at the same time made them doubtful of their own situation, which raised in some of the company such apprehensions of hazard that they were prepared to return. Bernard de Baliol, however, swore that he would go forward and brave all risks, even though he and his men should have to proceed alone; and the rest of the lords having persuaded to push on accordingly, and the fog happily dissipating, the party soon had the pleasure of discovering, at a short distance, the castle of Alnwick, which they knew would afford them a secure retreat in case their enemies should turn out to be over numerous.

As they came nearer, they perceived the King of Scots riding out in the open fields, accompanied only by a troop of about sixty horsemen, free from all apprehension of danger, and taking his royal pleasure. On noticing their approach, William naturally mistook them for some of his own men returning from foraging, or rather ravaging; but the display of their ensigns soon undeceived him. The king disdained to turn his back. So, putting himself at the head of his small company, he attacked his foes with the most undaunted resolution, confiding, as William of Newbury tells us, in the multitude of his forces in the country round, though at too great a distance to help him on the instant, but certain to come to his succour as soon as the alarm should be raised.

Before any such help could come, however, William was surrounded by his enemies. The first of them who encountered him he struck to the earth by a single blow. And the issue of the fierce contest that ensued would have been very doubtful, had not an English sergeant pierced the flank of the grey horse on which the king rode, whereupon the gallant charger sank to the ground, and his rider found himself unable to rise. In this dilemma he was taken prisoner, as were almost all his attendants. The chronicler says he saw the whole affair, "with his two eyes." William at once surrendered himself to Ranulph de Glanville. "He could not do otherwise; what else could he do?" He was disarmed, mounted on a palfrey, and led away to Newcastle, where he was lodged over the night. From Newcastle the captive was carried to Richmond, and detained in the castle there, until orders should be received from the King of England how to dispose of him. The intelligence of this disaster, of course, soon spread through the widely-scattered bands of the Scottish army, and threw them into the greatest consternation. The fierce Highland Scots and Galloway men, who hated the English inhabitants of the towns and boroughs in the southern and eastern parts of Scotland quite as much as they did the English south of the Tweed, being now free from restraint, cut off all their English fellow-subjects who came in their way, so that only those escaped who could flee to places of strength.

In the meantime, King Henry returned from the Continent, "stung to the heart with repentance and of a contrite spirit," if the Chronicle of Melrose is to be believed, on account of the murder, at his instigation, of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Immediately on his arrival, walking barefoot, clothed in woollen garments, he visited the sepulchre of the now canonised saint, attended by a numerous body of bishops and nobles, and there and then, as a penance, submitted to be soundly flogged by the monks of Christ Church, laying, besides, rich offerings on the saint's shrine, and thereby making his peace with Holy Mother Church. It was on the morrow after Henry had humbled himself in this manner that the King of Scots was taken prisoner. Moreover, sooth to say, a fleet which was to have invaded England, setting sail from Flanders, was scattered by a tempest on the very day that the old king's excommunication was taken off. Both these pieces of good fortune were generally attributed to the powerful intercession of St. Thomas of Canterbury at the court of high heaven. However this may have been, Henry lost no time in improving such quite unforeseen advantages. He marched against his rebel barons, and in less than a month compelled them all to surrender their castles as well as their persons at discretion.

The Scottish prisoner was forthwith brought to King Henry at Northampton, having his feet tied under the belly of the horse that carried him. Thither also came

Bishop Pudsey, the only one of the English prelates who during these harassing civil broils had given Henry any cause to suspect his loyalty. He had allowed the King of Scots to pass without opposition through his palatinate in the preceding year, and had this year sent, without asking his liege lord's permission, for a body of Flemings, consisting of forty knights and five hundred foot, under his nephew, Hugh de Bar, who landed at Hartlepool on the very day when the King of Scots was taken prisoner. On that event transpiring, the foot were immediately sent home, but the knights were detained to meet contingencies, and lodged in the bishop's castle of Northallerton. All this looked very like high treason; but Pudsey managed, notwithstanding, to mollify the king by paying him a large sum of money—2,000 marks (about £1,350 sterling), and delivering up to him not only his North Yorkshire fortress, but likewise the much more important castles of Durham and Norham, which latter he had only lately strengthened at considerable cost.

And now Henry, having re-established his power in England, returned in great haste to Normandy, where danger still threatened, carrying with him the King of Scots, whom he imprisoned, first at Caen, and afterwards at Falaise. He was everywhere victorious, and so, on the 8th of December, 1174, he concluded a treaty with William, by which that unlucky monarch regained his personal liberty, but at the price of it brought himself and his kingdom into a state of vassalage to the King of England as his superior lord, in testimony of which he paid homage and swore fealty.

The bondage into which the King of Scots had consented to bring himself and his subjects continued till the year 1189, when Richard Cœur de Lion, desirous, before his departure to the Holy Land, of gaining the friendship of William and his Scottish subjects, restored to him by charter the castles of Berwick and Roxburgh, which the English had held for about twenty-five years, and withdrew all claim to any superiority over Scotland itself, recognising only the feudal arrangements with regard to the lands and honours held by the Kings of Scotland on English ground. For this great boon 10,000 marks was paid by the Scots to the King of England.

A monument, erected about the middle of last century within a plantation on the south side of Rotten Row, close to Alnwick, marked the spot where tradition says William was captured. Mr. Tate, the historian of Alnwick, says it was in the pseudo-Gothic style, which prevailed at the time of its erection, and was interesting as an illustration of the style of the period. When Mr. Tate wrote, it had recently been taken down and replaced by a large, square, smooth, block of sandstone nearly three feet in height, resting on two steps, with a polished granite tablet inserted in the face of it, and inscribed as follows:—"William the Lion, King of Scotland, besieging Alnwick Castle, was here taken prisoner MCLXXIV."

Ranulph de Glanville, who took William captive, was

one of the greatest men of his time, being "a perfect knight, skilled in the art of war, a good classical scholar, and a profound lawyer." He is supposed to be the author of one of the oldest treatises "on the laws and customs of the kingdom of England," a work which ranks with those of Britton, Bracton, and Fleta, and which, having been the first attempt to bring English law under fixed principles, entitles Glanville to be called the father of English jurisprudence. He accompanied King Richard in the crusade, and fell at the siege of Acre in 1190.

North-Country Artists.

G. F. ROBINSON.



THE subject of this notice, George Finlay Robinson, was born at Whickham, in the county of Durham. Mr. Robinson served his time as an engraver with the late William Collard, of Newcastle, the publisher of "Collard's Views of Newcastle." It may surprise many of his contemporaries to learn that he both drew and engraved the principal subjects of that collection, although the names of old T. M. Richardson and J. W. Carmichael appeared on the engravings. Mr. Robinson also made original drawings for Hodgson's "History of Northumberland," and engraved many of the views which appeared in that work. Having secured an engagement with Messrs. M. and M. W. Lambert, of Newcastle, he undertook the management of the artistic section of their establishment, and he was connected with that firm for nearly half a century.

As a lithographic draughtsman, Mr. Robinson made original drawings of many important buildings for the late John Dobson and other architects in the North. These drawings often secured for his temporary employers valuable prizes in competitions, and several of them were exhibited at the Royal Academy. He also made original drawings and engravings of many views in Sunderland and other places for the River Wear Commissioners.

In his early years, Mr. Robinson was an ardent student of art. He was one of a group of amateur artists (which included Mr. J. H. Mole, the landscape painter, Mr. Brown, engraver, and Mr. Thomas Harper, water-colour artist) who some half a century ago met together in Newcastle to study drawing. Of these, only Mr. Harper and Mr. Robinson survive. His great delight was in water-colour painting, but it was not often that he could find time to indulge his tastes. Now and again he exhibited his works. Even so far back as 1837 he was in evidence at one of the local exhibitions. His principal efforts have, however, been put forth during the last

dozen years. When the daguerreotype process of photography came into vogue, Mr. Robinson gave it his careful consideration, and, for a time, he practised the art-science. He, in fact, was the first to introduce it into the North. Like many other artists, he did not find it very satisfying, and he soon relinquished it for his favourite art of water-colour painting. Mr. Robinson has been represented by pictures in every art exhibition held in Newcastle since the year 1837.



During the course of his long life, Mr. Robinson has been acquainted with most of the local celebrities or art masters. In addition to those previously mentioned, he was intimate with Thomas Carrick, the miniature painter; T. A. Prior, the engraver of Turner's "Heidelberg"; J. W. Carmichael, who urged Mr. Robinson to become a professional artist, promising him every assistance; J. W. Ewbank, whose later years were embittered by poverty due to his own improvidence and excesses; H. H. Emerson, who was apprenticed to Mr. Robinson as an engraver; and John Surtees, who made his first sketch from nature in Mr. Robinson's company.

ARTHUR H. MARSH, A.R.W.S.

Mr. Arthur H. Marsh was brought up at the Moravian village of Fairfield, near Ashton-under-Lyne. He re-

ceived his early education at the school there, and, under the tuition of a Mr. Hoch, first developed a liking for drawing and painting. It was his wish to study art, but family prejudices were too strong, and he had to be content with drawing, as he himself puts it, in "an aimless, hopeless way," with no one to teach or advise him, until 1860, in which year he was articled to an architect.

Having spent five years in attempting to see something



artistic in the building of certain villa residences, Manchester warehouses, engineering workshops, &c., Mr. Marsh threw aside his T square and compasses, and devoted himself wholly to painting. He had now to learn his adopted profession after having wasted many valuable years. He commenced at the bottom of the ladder, attended lectures on anatomy, and studied at the life class. Mr. Marsh was fortunate in meeting Mr. J. D. Watson, the well-known artist, who became at once "his guide, philosopher, and friend." Acting upon his advice, Mr. Marsh went to London, and worked hard in the daytime at the British Museum and National Gallery, and every evening at the life class of the Artists' Society, Langham Place. Mr. Marsh commenced the practical work of his life by painting Shakspearian and other romantic subjects. Then he went to Wales, and there depicted rustic life from nature, and more particularly the people who carry on the pearl fishery at the mouth of the river Conway. In 1869, shortly after having been elected an associate of the Old Water Colour Society, Mr. Marsh met, at the house of Mr. Birket Foster in Surrey, Mr.

A. S. Stevenson, of Tynemouth. That gentleman had asked Mr. Orchardson, R.A., Mr. J. D. Watson, and his youngest brother, Mr. T. J. Watson (now an associate of the Old Water Colour Society also), to visit him in the North, and kindly extended the invitation to Mr. Marsh. This was his first appearance in Northumberland, and since then, with the exception of a period of about three years from 1877, he has continued to reside there. He was much struck by the fine physique and picturesqueness of the Northumbrian fisher folk, as well as by the rugged fierceness of its rock-bound coast—all so different from what he had been accustomed to. He believes that in Northumberland there is a mine of wealth in subjects for the painter, from the toilers of the fields, among whom, though sometimes sombre in colour, many attractive and beautiful groups are seen, to the toilers of the sea, whose life is an endless source of suggestiveness to the fancy of the painter, whether it be lively or whether it be sad.

Some years ago Mr. Marsh became a member of the Society of British Artists, but after a time resigned. He has exhibited principally at the Royal Academy, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, the Grosvenor Gallery, at Manchester and Newcastle, and at the Paris International Exhibitions of 1876 and 1889.

J. ROCK JONES.

Mr. J. Rock Jones was born in the Isle of Man. His father, a portrait painter with Mr. Sass and Mr. Ramsey in London, came to Newcastle in 1840, and was on intimate terms with H. P. Parker and the elder T. M. Richardson. Young Jones evinced a taste for art at an

early age, and took especial delight in copying pictures by Richardson, Copley Fielding, David Cox, and others, that were lent out by Mr. Kaye, artist colourman and stationer, Blackett's Street, Newcastle. Educated privately, he had every opportunity given him for the study of drawing. Mr. Jones occupies a high position as an art instructor, which profession he has followed with conspicuous success for some years. He was one of the first members of the Newcastle Life School, which afterwards developed into the present Bewick Club, on the art council of which he is a most active member. Mr. Jones is the author of a book entitled "Groups for Still-Life Drawing and Painting," and a series of papers called "Leisure-graphs, or Recollections of an Artist's Rambles."

Moreover, he has delivered several lectures on popular art subjects, and in 1887 he was elected a member of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, London.



STEPHEN BROWNLOW.

Mr. Stephen Brownlow, a well-known member of the Bewick Club, is a painter of river scenes and general landscapes. Confining himself almost entirely to subjects in the immediate vicinity of Newcastle, he may be regarded in the light of a local recorder. He has successfully exhibited at all the art exhibitions held in Newcastle during the last dozen years. Born in Jesmond in 1828, he devoted himself at an early age to the study of pictorial art. For some time he received instructions in drawing from Mr. W. B. Scott, but is in a great measure self-taught.



Coldstream Bridge.



EVERYBODY knows, or ought to know, the story of John Scott and Bessie Surtees; it is told at length on page 271 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888; and our only reason for alluding to it now is to introduce the sketch made by Mr. J. Gillis Brown of the house on the bridge crossed by the future Lord Eldon and the slim maiden whose exit from a slimmer window has always puzzled students of Newcastle history.

The house is situated, of course, at the Scottish end of Coldstream Bridge, so that runaway couples had only to cross the Tweed before they found a "priest" ready to discharge functions which, though self-assumed, were none the less binding. The "priest" would be familiar with the rattle of wheels approaching from the high ground at Cornhill, and little time would be lost in going through the easy formalities which made the young people man and wife. Coldstream Bridge, the scene of these escapades, is situated midway between Cornhill, a station on the Kelso branch of the North-Eastern Railway, and Coldstream, a small town lying pleasantly on the north bank of the Tweed and a short distance westward.

Coldstream was the town where General Monk raised the regiment which first introduced the Coldstream Guards into the British army. A convent of Cistercian nuns was here founded by Cospatrick (the last of this name), Earl of Dunbar, and Derder, his Countess. The nuns were brought from the Cistercian convent at Withow, in England. This foundation was probably made soon after the end of the reign of that pious

monarch, David I.; for the last Cospatrick succeeded his father in 1147, and died in 1166. The convent was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was endowed so liberally as to be one of the richest monasteries in Scotland. The prioress of Coldstream, no doubt, submitted to Edward I., as in 1297 he gave her a writ of protection for her person, her nuns, and her estates. After the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333, the prioress, with the Master of Coldstream, submitted to the conqueror, and was received into his protection. In 1419, John de Wessington, the prior of Durham, confirmed the lands of Little Swinton to the nuns of Coldstream. When Margaret, the queen mother, with her husband, Angus, fled from the Scottish Regent, the Duke of Albany, in 1515, the monastery of Coldstream furnished them a sure sanctuary till they were kindly received into England. Hardly a trace of this institution remains.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* writes as follows :—

The foundation stone of the bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream was laid on May 24th, 1763 (the *Gentleman's Magazine* says the 18th) by Alexander, seventh Earl of Home (of the Hiresel, Coldstream), brother of that Lord John Home who was taken prisoner in the Rebellion of 1715 and found guilty of high treason, but reprieved in 1717.

A toll-house was built on the north side, the Scotch end, and tolls continued to be collected up to about 1820, when, the bridge having been paid for, Sir John Marjoribanks, of the Lee, was instrumental in bringing about their abolition. The toll-house, which had always served as a hymeneal altar for the performance of Border

marriages, was turned into an inn, and remained so till within a few years ago, when I think the last inn-keeper was Willie Lauder. The runaway marriages were not the only ones performed. I know several couples who were joined together there, and it appears to have been commonly regarded as a sort of register office.

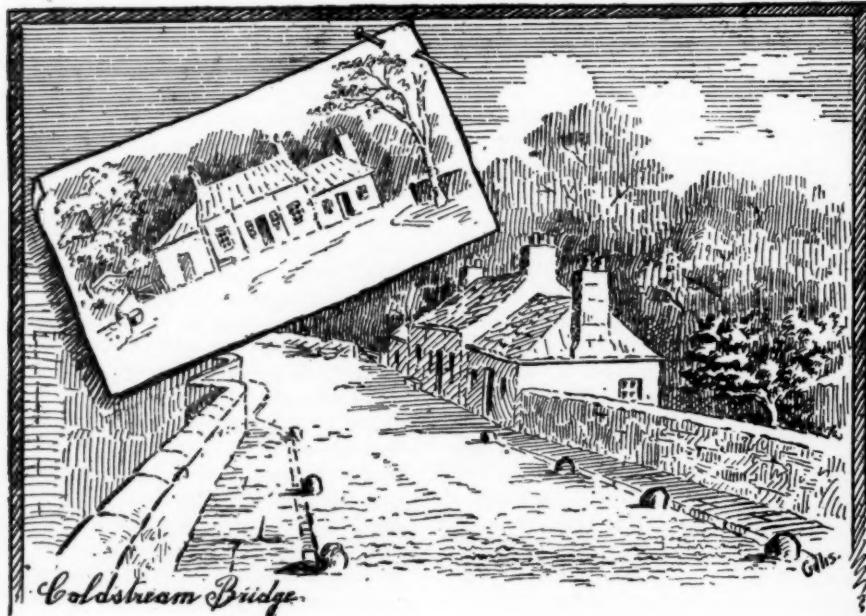
The centre of the bridge was generally the spot selected for the rendezvous of excise officers, and two of them, mounted, used to patrol the bridge to prevent the smuggling of whisky and salmon. I have heard more than one good anecdote of encounters with these gentlemen.

The "priest" at the toll-house was not always the proverbial blacksmith. I believe the office was held at various periods by tailors and shoemakers as well. There was another I have heard of who united the profession of a mole-catcher with his clerical duties.

I believe the last "priest" was also the town-crier of Coldstream. He was, like all his predecessors, fond of his cups, and on one occasion he is said to have fallen from the omnibus that travels between the town and the railway station, the fall resulting in a broken leg, which had to be amputated.

Another correspondent gives the following account of an exciting incident that occurred at Coldstream Bridge :—

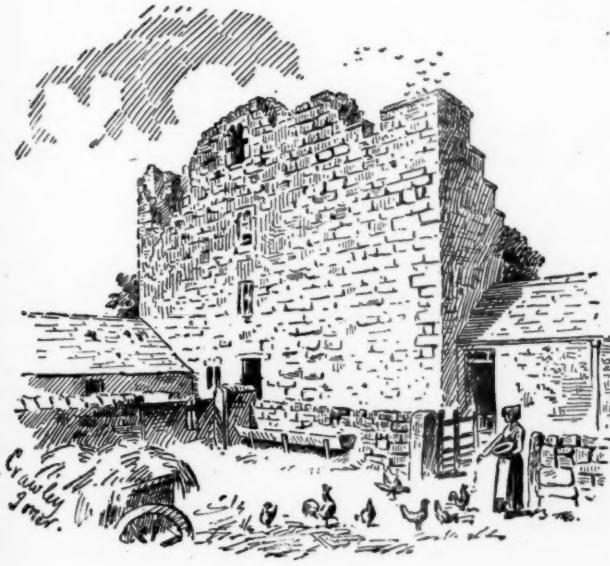
Mr. Parker, a farm student with Mr. Smith, of New Etal, was driving homewards from Coldstream in a high-wheeled dogcart. The horse was a high-spirited chestnut, which Mr. Parker used for hunting purposes as well as for driving. No one sat in front of the trap along with Mr. Parker, but the groom sat behind. On passing the manse of Coldstream, the horse bolted and ran away at full speed. The groom held on until he reached the turn of the road, a short distance past the Marjoribanks Monument, when he jumped off and broke his leg. Mr. Parker stuck gallantly to the reins, bearing to the left with all his strength in the hope of being able to run the horse into the vacant piece of ground at the north end of the Bridge Inn (the old toll-house), or, failing that, to



steer on to the bridge by a wide turn so as to clear the corner of the right hand parapet. Unfortunately for Mr. Parker's tactics, the horse was not sufficiently eased when he reached the bridge, and the result was that the near wheel of the trap struck the left hand parapet with such force that Mr. Parker shot up almost perpendicularly to a considerable height into the air, and dropped about forty-five feet into the river. He alighted outstretched on his back in about two feet of water, and about a yard from the land. His escape from the water was so quickly effected that his clothing was only superficially wet, and he was unhurt, not having sustained the slightest injury. Singular to relate, the horse did not fall, but galloped off homewards with the shafts dangling at his heels. In commemoration of Mr. Parker's miraculous feat, my son cut the words "Parker's Leap" on the stone coping of the parapet of the bridge at or about the place where the accident happened.

Crawley Tower.

 ONE of the oldest and most interesting of Northumbrian peles is Crawley Tower, which is situate about half-a-dozen miles to the west of Alnwick. It occupies the east angle of a Roman camp, and appears to have been constructed out of the ruined masonry of the ramparts. The camp is 290 feet long and 160 feet broad, and is surrounded by a fosse 20 feet wide, and an agger 20 feet thick. As the Devil's Causeway—a branch from the Watling Street—crossed the Breamish just below, this strong military station was, no doubt, says Mr. Tomlinson, intended to guard the passage and keep in subjection the tribes who occupied the numerous camps of the district. Crawley was anciently spelt Crawlawe, supposed to be a corruption of *caer*, a fort, and *law*, a hill.



Notes and Commentaries.

THE OAK-TREE COFFINS OF FEATHERSTONE.

About three miles to the south-west of Haltwhistle, close by the river Tyne, stands the historic castle of Featherstone. In a field or haugh, on the Wydon Eals Farm, have been found, from time to time coffins, of great antiquarian interest. This field has a history. A deed exists bearing date A.D. 1223, relating to what is called "Temple Land." The field is part of it, and, until recently, from time immemorial, the owner of Featherstone has had to pay a charge of nineteen shillings per annum on account of it to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, being the only property that that body possessed in Northumberland. They had no title to it but prescription. It is situated about 200 yards from the river, and in it have been found the foundations of ancient buildings.

In the year 1825 some drainers came upon what they took to be buried trees of the olden time. They lay mostly east and west, and were from five to six feet from the surface. The wood, however, sounded hollow, and on unearthing one they found that it was in two halves, and hollowed out in the middle to the extent of about the size of a man's body. Some bones were also found in it, which, on being exposed to the air, crumbled away. The cavity had evidently been made by human hands with rough implements. Other coffins were brought to the surface, one of which contained a human skull. All the coffins were similarly fashioned.

Several similar coffins have been found since. In Aug., 1869, Mr. T. W. Snagge and Mr. Clark, the land steward,

made a systematic exploration of the whole field. A boring-rod was driven down in various parts, and almost constantly touched coffins five or six feet below the surface. In one place a trench was made fifteen feet long and four feet wide, where many coffins lay together, one of which was bared and brought to the surface. It contained a few bones, and had evidently never been disturbed before. It was similar to all the others, being a huge bole of an oak tree, split or riven from end to end by rough wedges, hollowed out sufficiently to receive a human body, and fastened together again by oaken pegs driven into holes made with hot irons. The outside of the coffin was roughly rounded off at the ends, and a wooden "patch" had been fastened on to a knot-hole in the same way. It measured as follows:—Length, 7ft. 4in.; girth, 5ft. 4in.; inside hollow, 5ft.

10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 1ft. 7in.; depth of hollow, including the lid, 1ft. 1in. The foot of the hollow space was indented, apparently to receive the feet.

Antiquaries are by no means agreed as to the age of the coffins. From two centuries B.C. to two or three centuries A.D. appears to be about the date fixed.

THOMAS CARRICK, Keswick.

CURIOS CUSTOMS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

One remarkable custom in the Lake District, in which I spent many years of my youth, is not mentioned in the article that appears in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 130. I allude to that of firing guns over the house of the bride and bridegroom on the night of their marriage. It is (or at least in my day used to be) a common thing for a party of young men, friends of the bridal pair, to go to the house about ten o'clock, or later, and give them this noisy salute. I suppose good fellowship, coupled with drink, is the anticipated result. The same custom prevails in Norway, the birth-place of the Cumberland race. But since its origin must date later than that of the invention of powder, and Norwegians seem to have had possession of our mountain country quite 800 years ago, it would seem that the custom in Cumberland has little or nothing to do with our Scandinavian descent.

J. R. C., Charing, Kent.

FAIRY PIPES.

Fairy pipes seem to be pretty well distributed in these islands wherever there are old mounds, old rubbish heaps, or undisturbed foundations. Some years ago, in pulling down the Leadenhall Press buildings, at the back of which once ran a purling trout stream through a large farm, many ancient tobacco (?) pipes were found, all broken off short as described by previous correspondents of the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. iii., page 561.) I have met with them elsewhere, but have never seen a perfect one.

ANDREW W. TURE, London.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Several workmen met in a public-house at Felling Shore, and conversed on various topics. One of the sons of toil described the various important jobs at which he had assisted, and added:—"Aa helped te myek the Atlantic cable." "When and whor did ye help to de that?" asked a companion. "Wey," was the reply, "aa struck te the chainmakor that myed it at Haaks's!"

THE INFLUENZA.

A working man of mature age went into a tradesman's shop in Sunderland the other day. As he had a glove on one of his hands, the shopkeeper said to him, "Hollo! what's the matter with your hand?" "Oh! aa dinnet

knaa," was the reply, in a dull dispirited way, "aa've lost all poo'er in't; aa think its that new thing gannin' about; influenz, or whativvor they caall't!"

THE PITMAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

A pitman went to visit some friends. As he was coming away, it began to rain, and his friends asked him to stay all night. He said he would, but was soon afterwards missed by his friends. About an hour later he returned, his clothes being wet through with rain. Asked where he had been, he replied:—"Aa've been telling ma wife that aa's ganning to stay from hyem the neet!"

ARMSTRONG'S MEN.

Not many mornings ago, as Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company's night-shift men were coming out, one of them went for a refresher to a public-house, where he encountered two pitmen, one of whom said:—"Whaar a lot o' men, mistor! Whaar pleece is that?" "Oh! de ye not knaa? That's Armstrong's." "Is't? Wey, aa nivvor seed se many men i' ma life." "Oh! them's nowt te what ye see at neets." "De ye say se? By gox, then, whaat a row thor wad be if she wes laid in!"

THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

A good story is told of an old Newcastle gentleman who sometimes went home happy. The staircase of the house he occupied had a wide well and an eight-day clock on the landing. One night, as the master of the mansion, after letting himself in with a latch key, was struggling up the stairs, he was startled by an ominous "Ugh!" from above. He stared about in a dazed fashion for a few minutes, and then, throwing his arms around the clock, exclaimed, "Dear Bella, how your heart is beating!"

PERPLEXED.

A good old dame who resides in the East End of Sunderland was perplexed as to what she should purchase for her better-half's dinner. The thought struck her that he might like a "bit fish." And then she ejaculated to her daughter: "If aa cannot get a bit fish, aa'll hev a few haddock!"

WATERPROOF.

The other day as some workmen were coming down the river Tyne on board one of the General Ferry Company's steamers, one of them lighted his pipe, when a spark fell on his trousers. A comrade told him that he was on fire. "Hoots, man," he replied, "aa'll not tyek fire; aa's wettorproof!"

THE UBIQUITOUS TYNESIDER.

One lovely evening, in Melbourne Harbour, as Captain Walker, of the clipper ship *Waverley*, hailing from the Tyne, was pacing the deck, he heard the sound of a splash not far away. It was evident that somebody was in the water, so he ordered a boat to be lowered, and proceeded to the spot where he thought he might be able to render assistance to anyone in danger of drowning. He was not surprised when he found a man struggling in the

water; and it was not long before he had dragged him into the boat. The unfortunate individual was much exhausted, but he managed to gasp out in the unmistakable Tyneside dialect, "Aa's much obliged to ye. Begor, aa wes varry nigh-gyen that time!"

office being signalled by the visit of General Grant, ex-President of the United States, to Newcastle.

At the age of 70, Mr. William Brown, of Prospect House, Leadgate, one of the oldest servants of the Consett Iron Company, died on the 15th of February.

As the result of an accident received while following his employment at Messrs. Palmer's Works, Jarrow, about three months previously, Mr. Joseph Longmore died on the 17th of February. For six years he had had a seat on the Jarrow School Board as representative of the working men. Mr. Longmore was 49 years of age.

Mr. Frederick Jobling, engineer to the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, and a native of Sunderland, also died on the 17th of February.

On the 17th of February, the remains of Miss Jane Burnup, a liberal contributor to the leading local charities, were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle. The deceased lady left, by her will, bequests to a number of charitable institutions, amounting, in all, to upwards of £2,000.

The Rev. John Wilkins, vicar of the parish of the Ven. Bede, Gateshead, died suddenly on the 23rd of February. The deceased was born at Cheltenham in January, 1840, and was a graduate of London University. The position which he occupied at Gateshead he had held since April, 1887.

On the 25th of February, Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, died at his residence, Gresham House, Newcastle, aged 83. He had long retired from the active exercise of his profession, and had latterly devoted himself to works of benevo-

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 8th of February, Mr. John Clarke, of the firm of Hudswell, Clarke, and Co., engineers, Hunslet, Leeds, died in that town, at the age of 65 years. The deceased, who was a native of Allendale, Northumberland, served his apprenticeship with Messrs. Hawthorn, Newcastle.

A telegram received from Johannesburg, South Africa, on the 12th of February, announced the death there of Mr. W. R. Robson, formerly of Saltburn, and a gentleman well known in the engineering trade of the Cleveland district.

Mr. Thomas Smith, landlord of the Butchers' Arms, Chester-le-Street, who was formerly a soldier, and went through the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and 1858, died on the 12th of February, at the age of 63 years.

Mr. E. G. Fitzackerley, iron tool maker, &c., and one of the representatives of the West Ward in Sunderland Town Council, died on the 15th of February.

Mr. John Oliver Scott, coalowner and shipowner, and also an alderman and magistrate of Newcastle, died on the 17th of February, at his residence, Benwell Cottage,



Alderman John O. Scott



Mr. John Fleming.

near that city, at the age of 70 years. While yet a young man, he became fitter to the Seaton Delaval Coal Company, a position he held for thirty-three years. In 1863, Mr. Scott was elected to a seat in the Newcastle Town Council. In 1874-5 he served the office of Sheriff, and in 1876-7 he filled the mayoral chair, his term of the latter

lence and philanthropy, the chief outcome of his efforts in this direction being the magnificent Children's Hospital, which, in memory of his wife, he erected and furnished on the Moor Edge, and which he personally handed over to the trustees on the 26th of September, 1888. (For a view of this building, see vol. ii., page 525.) Mr. Flem-

ing, who was a native of Perth, came to Newcastle when a young man, and served his articles with Messrs. Carr and Jobling, an old firm of attorneys in that town.

Mr. Thomas Innes Walker, a young man of great ability and promise as an artist, died at Blyth on the 18th of February.

Dr. David Page, Local Government Medical Inspector for the Northern Counties, died in Dublin on the 20th of February. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Dr. Page, Professor of Geology in the College of Physical Science at Newcastle.

Dr. Thomas Young, an old medical practitioner in South Shields, and for many years a member of the Town Council of that borough, died on the 25th of February, at the age of 68 years.

On the 25th of February, the remains of Mr. E. J. Edwins, comedian, late of the Tyne Theatre and Theatre Royal, Newcastle, were interred in Elswick Cemetery.

On the 26th of February, Mr. John Cutter, who represented South St. Andrew's Ward in the Newcastle Council for upwards of ten years, died at his residence, Portland Terrace, in that city. For many years he had carried on the trade of a butcher in the Market, but had, a considerable time ago, retired from business. He had also been a member of the Board of Guardians. Mr. Cutter was a native of Newcastle, and was 69 years of age.

John Davidson, who until within the last six or seven years had carried on the occupation of a carter, died at the village of Felton, in Northumberland, on the 26th of February, his age, which was not exactly known, being supposed to be 101 years.

The death was announced, on the 27th of February, of Mr. W. Green, of East Woodburn, who for many years carried on the Old Bridge Colliery in that district.

Mr. James Smith, the draughts champion of England, died at Tudhoe Grange, near Spennymoor, on the 27th of February.

On the 28th of February, the death was announced, from influenza, of the Rev. David Young, of the Presbyterian Church of England at Chatton.

On the 1st of March, the death was announced of Mr. Joseph Mellanby, formerly timber merchant, at West Hartlepool. For upwards of ten years he was a Guardian of the Poor, and for two or three years a member of the West Hartlepool Improvement Commission.

On the 2nd of March, the Rev. Charles Friskin suddenly died in the pulpit of the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church, Spennymoor, of which he had been pastor over thirty years. He was 64 years of age.

On the 1st of March, the Rev. William Henry Philip Bulmer, late Rector of Boldon, died at Doncaster, in the 58th year of his age.

Mr. J. M. Lennard, head of the firm of Messrs. Lennard and Sons, shipbrokers and shipowners, Middlesbrough, and a member of the Tees Conservancy, died at his residence, Coulby Manor, near that town, on the 3rd of March.

Mr. Jonathan Hall, chemist and grocer, Market Place, Barnard Castle, one of the oldest members of the Local Board of Health, and a governor of the North-Eastern County School, died suddenly on the 5th of March.

On the 6th of March, the death was announced, in his 52nd year, of Mr. Thomas Charlton, for many years foreman joiner under the Corporation of Newcastle.

Mr. Henry Milvain, shipowner, and alderman of Newcastle, died on the 28th of February, in the 86th year of

his age. In his 17th year, he came from Wigtonshire, in Scotland, to Newcastle, having on his arrival 25s. in his pocket, and of this amount he returned £1 to his mother, thus starting life on Tyneside with a capital of 5s. He served his time with Mr. McKinnell, a draper, in Westgate, and by steady application soon obtained his master's confidence. On Mr. McKinnell's retirement, Mr. Milvain was afforded an opportunity of taking over the business, but this he shortly afterwards abandoned for



shipping, becoming, in the course of years, one of the largest shipowners on the Tyne. The deceased entered the Town Council on the 1st of November, 1850, and, with the exception of an interval of three years, he was connected with the Corporation from that time till his death, his election to the aldermanship dating from the 21st of July, 1880. Mr. Milvain was also for many years a member of the Tyne Improvement Commission, as well as of several other public bodies. He was likewise a magistrate for Newcastle, Gateshead, Northumberland, and Cumberland.

On the same day appeared an announcement of the death of Mr. Robert Murray, millwright, for many years in the employment of Messrs. Palmer and Co., Jarrow, and a prominent member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

On the 3rd of March, at the age of 81, died Miss Mary Cottford Burdon, sister of the Rev. John Burdon, Castle Eden.

On the 8th of March, the death was announced, in his 46th year, of Mr. Matthew Dryden, of Herbert Street, Newcastle. The deceased, during the engineers' strike for the nine hours, in which he took part, composed a song, entitled "Parseevar, or the Nine Hours Movement," which gained considerable popularity.

On the 7th of March, Mrs. Elizabeth Beck, widow of Mr. John Horsley Beck, and familiarly known as "Old Betty Horsley," died at Blanchland, in the 83rd year of her age.

The death was announced on the same day, at the age of 83, of "Auld Will Ritson," formerly of Wastdale



Head, who was long known to tourists in the Lake District as a sturdy dalesman, a keen huntsman, and a good story-teller. (See vol. iii., pp. 185 and 473.)

Mr. J. L. Robson, an old Felling schoolmaster, who had taught two generations of children, died on the 9th of March.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

11.—The ceremony of starting the new clock and chimes in the tower of the Town Hall, Fawcett Street, Sunderland, was performed by the Mayoress, Mrs. Shadforth, in the presence of a large gathering of the members of the Corporation.

12.—A number of the members of the local press and the performers engaged in the pantomimes at the Tyne and Royal Theatres, Newcastle, took part in a series of sports in that city in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund.

13.—The Durham County Mining Federation Board, including the Mechanics', Cokemen's, Enginemen's, and Miners' Associations, resolved that the notices of the cokemen, mechanics, and miners should be tendered to the owners on the 24th of February. At a conference in Newcastle on the 22nd, between the Durham miners and the Coalowners' Wages Committee, the latter offered an advance of 5 per cent., or to refer the whole matter to arbitration. These proposals were submitted to the men, who decided by ballot to accept the 5 per cent.

—Mr. W. S. B. Maclaren, M.P., lectured on "Women's Place in Politics," under the auspices of the Newcastle and Gateshead Women's Liberal Association, in the Central Hall, Newcastle.

—In the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, Mr. J. E. Muddock, F.R.G.S., delivered, in connection with the Tyneside Geographical Society, a lecture on "Norway: its Scenery and its People."

—The West Hartlepool steamer Constance was sunk in the Tyne by the Newcastle steamer Nentwater, the latter vessel being seriously injured.

14.—William Jackson, 25 years of age, known as "Steeple Jack," fell from the scaffolding on the top of the chimney of Messrs. Sadler and Co.'s Chemical Works, Middlesbrough, and was killed on the spot.

—Mr. William Black, Mr. Henry Charlton, and Mr. Charles R. Greene qualified as magistrates of the borough of Gateshead.

15.—The Newcastle plumbers came out on strike for an advance of 1d. per hour.

—The pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood" was brought to a close at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

—From the final official lists of the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund collections, it appeared that the total sum realized from the places of worship was £2,080 17s. 6d. against £1,956 6s. 2d. in the previous year. The collections in manufactories, collieries, and other works amounted to £2,124 18s. 2d., as compared with £1,804 1s. 11d. in the corresponding period of last year. The total sum was afterwards augmented by £160 or £170 from the Press and Theatrical Sports.

16.—Mr. Edmund William Gosse, lectured on "Leigh Hunt," at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. Mr. Gosse is the only son of Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., and was born in London in 1849. He has written several volumes



of verse, while his prose writings consist of a number of "Northern Studies," a "Life of Gray," a complete edition of that poet's works, and many essays on Eng-

lish literature. In 1884 Mr. Gosse was elected Clark Lecturer on English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge.

17.—A new circus was opened in Bath Road, Newcastle, by Mr. G. Ginnett.

—In the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, the Rev. Canon Talbot, lecturer for the dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle, delivered the last of his series of six lectures on "The Bible."

—Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Grantham arrived in Newcastle in connection with the Winter Assizes for Newcastle and Northumberland. George Kelly, aged 66, labourer, who was indicted for the manslaughter of his wife, Elizabeth Kelly, at Kitty Brewster, on the 7th of December, 1889, was acquitted. On the 21st of February, William Row, shoemaker, was convicted of the wilful murder of Lily Clarence Wilson, a woman who had accompanied him to Newcastle, and with whom he had been cohabiting; but the jury strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy. Sentence of death was passed in the usual form. (See *ante*, page 95.) Efforts to obtain a reprieve having proved ineffectual, the sentence was carried out on the morning of March 12, Berry being the executioner.

18.—At a meeting held at Durham, it was decided, on the recommendation of the committee to whom the matter had been referred, "that if the requisite funds can be obtained, the restoration of the Chapter House of the Cathedral of Durham would form the greatest and most appropriate memorial to Bishop Lightfoot, and that a figure or effigy of Bishop Lightfoot should, under any circumstances, be also erected to his memory."

—In St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Newcastle, the Very Rev. T. W. Wilkinson was duly enthroned as



Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in succession to Dr. O'Callaghan, who resigned the see in September last.

—A collision occurred off Hartlepool between the steamer Brinio, of Rotterdam, and the Coral Queen, of

West Hartlepool. The latter vessel sank, and five of her crew were supposed to have been drowned.

20.—The dead body of a widow named Sophie Carr, about 30 years of age, and that of a little girl, her daughter, were found on the sands near St. Mary's Island, Whitley; but at the inquest no evidence was adduced to throw any light on the circumstances under which the mother and daughter had come by their death.

—At South Shields, Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Elswick, were summoned for having, as alleged, unlawfully carried on the manufacture of explosives at Jarrow Slake, contrary to the provisions of the Explosives Act, 1875. The prosecution arose out of the fatal explosion which took place on board the wherry Fanny, on the 3rd of October last. (See vol. iii., page 526.) The case was remitted to the Assizes at Durham, where, on the 4th of March, owing to a legal difficulty, it was adjourned *sine die*.

—Captain A. J. Loftus, F.R.G.S., Knight-Commander of Siam, delivered a lecture on that country, in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society. Mr. W. D. Stephens,



J.P., presided, and the lecture was illustrated by interesting maps, pictures, and photographs. The lecturer is a descendant of Mr. William Loftus, of the old Turf Hotel, Newcastle. (See vol. ii., page 327.)

22.—The foundation stone of the new church of St. Hilda, at Hedgefield, in the parish of Ryton, was laid by Mrs. J. B. Simpson.

—A young labourer named James Watson quarrelled in a common lodging house at Stockton with James Wilkie, a puddler. Blows were said to have been exchanged, and Wilkie, who was heard to cry "Murder," died soon afterwards in the street. Watson was arrested, and was subsequently tried at Durham Assizes. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was bound over in his own recognisances.

—A strike among line-fishermen at North Shields was brought to an amicable termination.

23.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Mr. E. D. Archibald, M.A., delivered a lecture on "Edison's Latest Phonograph." Some remarkable demonstrations of the capabilities of the phonograph were given by the lecturer.

24.—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Etal Villa, Tynemouth, J.P., shipowner, who died on the 24th of September last, had been proved, the value of the personality being £104,187 12s. 9d.

—Mr. Edward Henderson was elected an alderman of the Gateshead Town Council, in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Affleck.

—At the auction rooms of Messrs. R. and W. Mack, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, a five days' sale was commenced of the extensive and valuable collection of books which formed the library of the late Mr. T. W. U. Robinson, of Hardwick Hall, in the county of Durham.

25.—The engineering employers of the Tyne and Wear offered to the men an advance of 6d. in wages, but intimated that they could not see their way to shorten the hours of labour to 53 per week.

26.—The last of the course of lectures by the Rev. F. Walters on the British poets was delivered in the new Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. The subject was "Robert Browning," and the chair was occupied by Mr. Alderman Barkas.

—At the Newcastle Assizes a verdict of £1,000 damages was awarded to a man named Ling, in an action against the Gatling Gun Company and a man named William Wright, for injuries caused at Elswick by a live instead of a dummy cartridge being inadvertently placed in a gun during a testing experiment. In the Northumberland Court, an indictment was preferred by the Wallsend Local Board against the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Company and the Wallsend Slipway Company, the object being to establish the public right to what is known as the Pilot Track from Walker along the riverside to Willington Quay. The jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

27.—A series of special services, extending over several days, was commenced in Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, in celebration of the centenary of the Sunday School established at the Orphan House by the Rev. Charles Atmore, on the 28th of February, 1790.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Fenwick, of Preston House, North Shields, celebrated their golden wedding.

28.—On the occasion of the annual meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, under the presidency of the Mayor, the prizes given by the branch, by Uncle Toby of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Coulson, were distributed to the successful children by the Mayoress, Mrs. Thomas Bell.

MARCH.

1.—Great interest was aroused by the publication of the details of the will of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor. The deceased gentleman had left bequests to almost forty local and other charities, to the amount of nearly £70,000. To the Fleming Memorial Hospital, erected by him in his lifetime, he bequeathed £25,000, and to the Newcastle Infirmary £10,000. The other

legacies ranged from £4,000 to £100. The testator devised the rest of his real and personal estate in trust for his five grandchildren and for his great-grandchild.

—At the petty sessional court at Bellingham, a license was granted to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., to erect on the private range of the company on Ridsdale Common two powder magazines, each to hold 50,000 lbs. of powder.

—The last performance of the pantomime, "Blue Beard," was given at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. There was much unseemly horseplay on the occasion.

2.—Mrs. Cunningham Graham, wife of Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., lectured in the Tyne Theatre, New-



Mrs. Cunningham Graham.

castle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Forgotten Corners of Spain."

3.—The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Fife, General Elliot, and members of his suite, passed through Newcastle, en route for Edinburgh, to open the Forth Bridge.

—The shipwrights at Sunderland received an advance of 1s. 6d. per week in their wages.

—At a vestry meeting held in All Saints' Church, Newcastle, a letter was read from the firm of Messrs. Abbot and Co., Gateshead, stating their willingness, through the good offices of Mr. L. W. Adamson, to undertake the complete restoration of the "Thornton Brass" (a memorial of the celebrated Roger Thornton, which is said to be one of the finest brasses in the country), and the offer was unanimously accepted.

4.—It was announced that, at a meeting of the directors of the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow, the final steps had been taken for the manufacture of ordnance of all kinds, including guns and carriages.

—An outline was published of the will of the late Mr. Christian Allhusen, of Stoke Court, Bucks, and of the

Newcastle Chemical Company, whose personality had been sworn at £1,126,852 1s. 10d.

5.—Mr. W. D. Stephens was unanimously elected an alderman of Newcastle, in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Scott.

—The first annual meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Aids Committees of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was held in Newcastle under the presidency of Bishop Wilberforce.

—The body of a young man named Henry Robson, a grocer, was found in the lake at Heaton Park, Newcastle, supposed to have been a case of suicide.

5.—William and Isabella Lyall, of Ancroft, near Berwick, a couple who had been married at Lamberton Toll Bar, celebrated their golden wedding.

6.—The mine-owners of Cleveland granted the men an advance of 7½ per cent. in wages, to extend from the 3rd February to the 28th June.

—Considerable damage was caused by a fire which broke out in the Priestgate Flour Mills at Darlington.

—The Darlington Town Council resolved to present a memorial to the directors of the North-Eastern Railway Company, asking them to remove No. 1 engine from its position opposite the North Road Station to a position where it would be protected from the effects of the weather, and from other damage.

—A two nights' debate was commenced in the Lecture Hall, Nelson Street, Newcastle, on the question, "Is an Eight Hours Act desirable for all workers?" the affirmative being taken by Mr. Alexander Stewart, representing the Labour party, and the negative by Mr. William Thornton, representing the Newcastle and Gateshead Radical Association.

7.—It was announced that a series of entertainments, entitled "Uncle Toby's Lantern Entertainment," and intended to inculcate the advantages of kindness to animals and birds, had been given by Messrs. Robson and Morgan in the principal schools of Sunderland.

—Lady Dilke addressed a meeting in Newcastle in furtherance of the formation of trades unions among the working women in the district.

—George Edward Conyers Hardy, a young man 17½ years old, and employed as a clerk, committed suicide by shooting himself on the Newcastle Town Moor, after attending a ball at the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge.

9.—Dr. R. S. Watson was the lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being "Labour: Past, Present, and Future."

—The Rev. A. S. Wardroper took farewell of the congregation of All Saints' Church, Newcastle, of which he had for several years been vicar, previous to his departure for Otterburn, to which he had been transferred.

10.—It was announced that the Rev. Robert Alfred Tucker, curate of St. Nicholas', Durham, had accepted the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

General Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

11.—The fifth session of the twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria was opened by Royal Commission.

—Mr. Parker Smith, Liberal Unionist, was elected

Parliamentary representative for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire. Mr. Smith polled 4,148 votes, while the defeated candidate, Sir Charles Tennant, Gladstonian Liberal, polled 3,929.

12.—The Duc d'Orleans was sentenced by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine to two years' imprisonment for entering France in violation of the law which banished the families of pretenders to the French throne.

13.—The report of the Parnell Commission was published. It was considered in some measure to be favourable to Mr. Parnell and his Parliamentary associates.

14.—The body of Amelia Jeffs, a girl of fifteen, who had lived at 38, West Road, West Ham, Essex, and who had been missing since January 31st, was found violated and strangled in an empty house, about a hundred yards from her own home. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

15.—Sir Louis Mallet died at Malta, from influenza, at the age of 67.

18.—Count Julius Andrassy, late Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, died at Volosca. He was born on the 28th of March, 1823, at Zemplin, his family being one of the oldest and most illustrious in Hungary.

19.—Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, M.P., died suddenly at his residence, Sugden Road, London.

23.—A large dam across the Hassa Yamfa river, Arizona, U.S., gave way, and submerged the town of Wickenburg. The loss of life and property was very great.

28.—Mr. Henry Labouchere was suspended from the House of Commons, for having refused to withdraw an imputation of untruthfulness which he had made against the Premier, Lord Salisbury.

MARCH.

1.—The Quetta, a British ship bound from Brisbane to London, was wrecked near Somerset, Torres Straits. She had 280 souls on board, of whom only 116 were saved.

2.—Sir Edward Baines, proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, died in his 90th year.

4.—The Forth Bridge was formally opened by the Prince of Wales. This remarkable structure, which is built on the cantilever principle, was begun in 1883. Its total length is a little over a mile and a half. The clear headway under the centre of the structure is 150 feet above high water, while the highest part is 361 feet.

—A Parliamentary election took place in St. Pancras, London, the result being as follows:—Mr. Thomas Henry Bolton, Gladstonian Liberal, 2,657; Mr. H. R. Graham, Conservative, 2,549; and Mr. J. Leighton, Labour Candidate, 29.

—Owing to the brakes failing to act, a Scotch express train ran into an engine at Carlisle. Four people were killed, and sixteen injured.

8.—The result of an election at Stamford was declared as follows:—Mr. H. J. C. Cust, Conservative, 4,236; Mr. Arthur Priestley, Liberal, 3,954.

—At Nottingham Assizes, Wilhelm E. Arnemann was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for having shot Judge Bristowe on November 19th, 1889.

10.—A terrible explosion occurred at the Morfa Colliery, near Port Talbot, in Glamorganshire, causing a loss of about one hundred lives.